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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 118.—Vol. IX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 7, 1906 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Langfier, Ltd., 23a, Old Bond Street*

A new picture of Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox

Daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Lady Helen acts as chatelaine to her father, a portrait of whom appears on page 493

No. 118.—Vol. IX. Wednesday, March 7, 1906

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
March 7, 1906

A sensational scene took place in Fleet Street yesterday when it was discovered that a certain well-known morning newspaper had produced an issue which did not contain any reference to Mr. John Burns's bowler.

* * *

Apropos of Mr. Balfour's election for the City of London by a majority of eleven thousand, we learn that there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Bowles's supporters intend to appeal for a recount.

* * *

Liberal concessions are, it appears, being granted to the civilian class in Germany. A tailor, who was thrown into the street by an officer recently at Frankfort-on-Oder, has been permitted to escape without either fine or imprisonment.

* * *

It was stated recently that no rates are paid on the Island of Tory, off the coast of Ireland, and since the announcement the London offices of the railways and steamboats which provide access to the island have, we understand, been besieged by hordes of dwellers in the suburbs, clamouring to be booked through without loss of time.

The unrecorded trials of an artist

TOMMY: "Are you the rag-and-bone man? If so, mother wants to know what you will allow on four empty bottles and a pair of boots?"

* * *

For thorough-going iniquity, how is this? I came across it in a new book by Mr. Richard Marsh, called "The Garden of Mystery." One of the characters thus soliloquises:—

> If I could get Alan put away (*i.e.* murdered), and be free to marry Lord Ifield, and could only get Doris Owen hanged for killing Alan, it would be a bitter blow to Philip Ford.

Poor Philip Ford! I can imagine it would have given him a nasty turn.

* * *

Mr. Algernon Ashton, the complete letter-writer, is much disturbed because, in Mr. Shaw's play *Major Barbara*, one of the characters says, "You call yourself a gentleman," and the other answers, "I never called myself a gentleman." This brilliant witticism, it appears, has been "coolly cribbed" from Mr. Ashton, to whom a London cabman, without the slightest provocation, once bawled out, "And you call yourself a gentleman," upon which, says Mr. Ashton, "I instantly replied: 'I never called myself a gentleman!'"

* * *

Oddly enough, one or two other examples of this cribbing have been brought to my notice. Mr. Montmorency Jenkins writes: "While visiting the Bromley Hippodrome the other night I was much astonished, when one of the characters in a sketch called *Under the Chestnuts* said to his companion, 'Git yer 'air cut,' to hear that companion reply, 'You're another.' Many years ago a small street boy, with only the slightest provocation, called out to me, 'Git yer 'air cut,' and I instantly replied, 'You're another.'" "Coolly cribbing" an excellent joke from another person without acknowledgment is surely not worthy of the author of *Under the Chestnuts*, who, I understand, is a gentleman of some originality and imagination.

* * *

Mr. 'Enry 'Awkins also calls my attention to the fact that, in a play recently produced at the Court Theatre, one of the characters calls another "a fat-headed blighter." This term, which denotes, says Mr. 'Awkins, "'an accentuated perisher,' is my copyright. I used it in Bermondsey in 1873, when a coal-heaver, who was emptying coal down a hole in the pavement, dropped a chunk on my boot. He at once added to the injury by saying, with a grin, 'How's yer pore feet.' I instantly replied, 'Garn, you fat-headed blighter.'" There can surely be no coincidence here.

After Dinner

They had just finished dinner. He was enjoying a cigar. She was pretending to enjoy a cigarette, smoking it with the quick intermittent puffs which characterise the woman smoker.

"We have just had another row," she said, wearily.

"Row! Where?"

"At the club."

"Oh! Is that all?"

"It's very serious. We're going to be turned into a company. What happens when you're turned into a company?"

"You have to pay a dividend or die."

"We shall die; I know we shall die."

"Does it matter?"

"No, I suppose it doesn't. None of us really want a club, but we were told that we did—the organising secretary was so sure about it—so we believed her."

"Its death won't trouble me; I shall be saved refusing invitations to dine."

"Yes, there is that. You know its becoming more and more difficult to get men to come; that's the real trouble."

"But why try to get men there?"

"Well, you don't suppose women want to go and 'club' all by themselves. It's so dull, and then they quarrel. At your club, do all the men try and persuade the committee to let them invite women?"

"No," said the man grimly, "they don't. There'd be an uproar if one even suggested such a thing!"

"Men are so humbly self-sufficient. But I am sure I should feel the same if I were a man. Of course, Miss Brankstone wanted to run a place in that way. She tried to start a little club—an offshoot which was to be run just like a man's club—no men admitted on any pretext, not even if they clamoured——"

"I can imagine they would clamour."

"Well, she could only get one girl tojoin her; and two girls can't be a club, can they?"

"I suppose not. Were you that one?"

"Oh, no. I don't think I care about lectures and musical evenings and dramatic evenings and debates, and every woman's club I have belonged to is all like that. Your clubs aren't, I suppose?"

"We keep that side down a bit," he said, quietly.

"We keep it up. There are always some dreadfully energetic people who insist on getting up debates every week. We discuss men and the drama and Plato. You wouldn't like to come one night, would you?"

'Lo! the poor savage," etc.

THE DAUGHTER (*before J. F. Millet's "Wood Sawers" in South Kensington Museum—Lowndes' Bequest*): "But, father, they look such wild, savage creatures—not like our peasants"

THE FATHER (*a landed proprietor*): "Well, you must remember, me dear, that the French peasantry ain't enjoyed the refinin' influence of our local gentry"

"I think I'd sooner you dined with me again."

"Yes, it is nicer," she said, regretfully. "You know we quarrel so dreadfully. Not you and I, but our committee is always quarrelling and resigning, and doing things like that. Shall we have a committee when we're a company?"

"You'll have a board."

"Is that the same?"

"The same, only worse."

"Shall we still have a secretary?"

"Of course."

"Then I'm sure we shall die. You see the secretary is so energetic."

The man called for his bill.

"One of my objections to your clubs is that you're always wanting us to dine there, and then we can't pay."

"It's very expensive dining a man; much more expensive than dining a woman," said the girl, thoughtfully.

"Doesn't that depend on whether a man or woman dines the woman?" he said, as he gave the waiter the change out of a five-pound note.

"Perhaps a little. Anyway, we get a much better dinner here."

"I have a rooted objection," he said, "to seeing a woman paying for a man."

"Isn't that old-fashioned?"

"Yes, but I am old-fashioned."

"I think I am too." She rose for him to help her on with her cloak.

"There's always a suggestion to me about it," he said, "of the cook walking out with a penniless guardsman and paying for the pleasure. Of course, I don't suggest that women feel proud when they lure men into their clubs to lunch, but it looks like that."

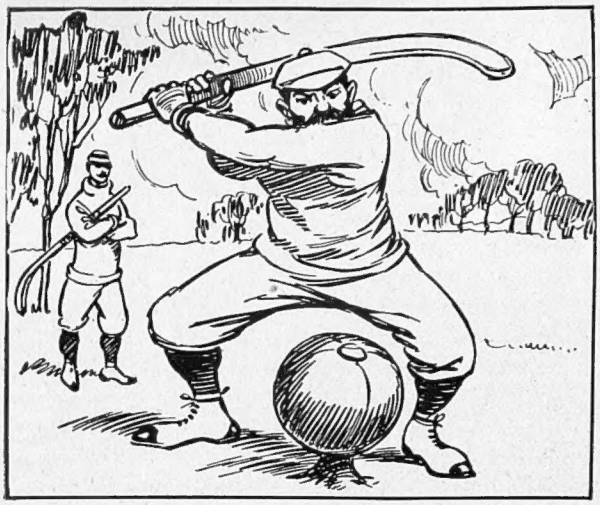
"The worst of it is," she said, as they walked out of the restaurant, past the bowing waiters, "that they are awfully proud when they do get a good one, and any poor member who can't entice a nice man in, she's—well, she's like one of those poor lions in the picture who hasn't got a martyr."

"Martyr's the word," said the man, as he put her into a cab. "St. James's Theatre," he said to the cabman.

* * *

We are threatened with the disappearance of another London landmark. The inauguration of the accelerated service on the District Railway has practically abolished the straphanger, and steps are being taken to preserve one or two of these peculiarly British creatures before they become extinct.

The Topictator



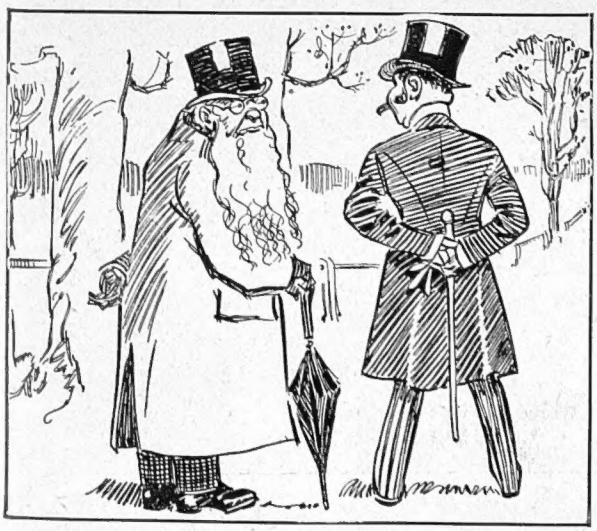
A Long-felt Want

The revival of Vigoro—a mixture of cricket, tennis, lacrosse, and baseball—reminds us that so far no one has invented a game combining football, hockey, and golf. This should be remedied

("*The quality of the Shires showed no falling off.*"—DAILY PAPER)

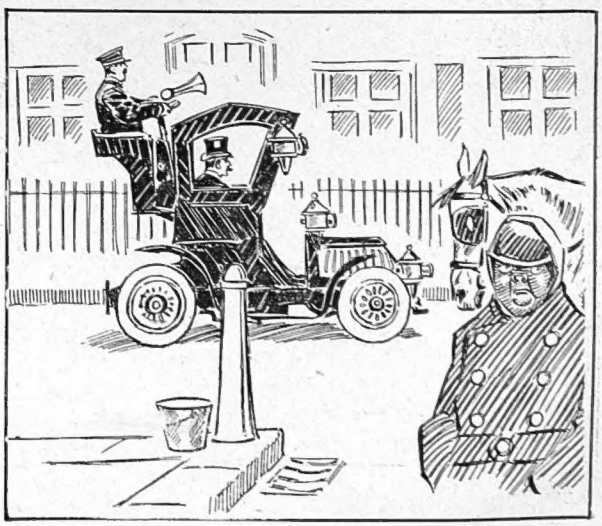
THE SHIRE HORSE: "A back number, am I? A' 'has been'? Soon to be as extinct as the dodo, eh? Well, I'm feeling pretty fit, thanks very much"

In—easy



Winter at Last!

"Quite a feeling of spring in the air this m rning, what?'
"I fear so, sir, I fear so!"



Naturally

MR. GRAALER: "Ah! Gimme the old days"

Sandown Park and the Grand Military Meeting

The March Meeting

Steeplechasing, nowadays, savours somewhat of the little girl who, when "she was good, was very very good, but when she was bad was horrid." Good and therefore very very good were the three days' racing at Sandown Park last week. On Thursday, the 1st inst., the Sandown Park March Meeting filled the programme, and to anyone who loves to see a good horse striding along over a steeplechase course, the style in which John M.P. played with his opponents in the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase, should have been more than a recompense for their journey. The appearance of Roman Law on an English racecourse had been looked forward to with some curiosity. Some critics write of him as "not being built on a sufficiently substantial scale to pull through at Aintree." He may be wanting in speed, or perhaps a little short of class, but as for "substance," if he is not a fifteen-stone hunter then I should like to know what is. Ranunculus was badly beaten in the St. David's Handicap Steeplechase, but this defeat does not in any way lessen the undoubtedly good "fighting chance" he possesses of winning the Grand National, between which and a two-mile gallop over the Sandown Park fences there is a wide difference.

* * *

The Grand Military Gold Cup

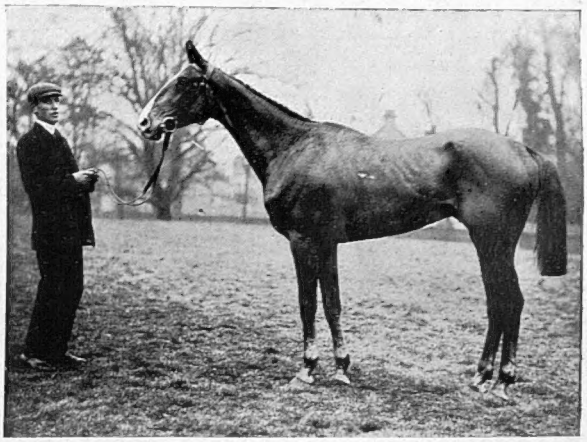
Apart from its distinction as a Society gathering, the Grand Military meeting, which commenced on Friday last, has a character all its own. The expression, "My one bit of racing in the year," to which a grizzled veteran gave utterance, conveys a world of meaning. Old friends meet, men who have shared hardships and dangers together in distant lands foregather once again; everybody knows everybody; it may be that some of the old familiar faces are missing, but they are not forgotten, and their names and the deeds they did crop up in the intervals of racing. Considering that, with the exception of the years 1900, 1901, and 1902, the Grand Military Gold Cup has been a regular institution since 1860, it is a curious fact that but seldom has a soldier ridden his own horse to victory, the only ones who have succeeded in doing so being Captain Anderson, the Hon. F. G. Ellis, Sir G. Wombwell, Major Dalbiac, Captain Fisher, Lord Manners, Colonel Threigland, and Mr. Stevenson. The field of thirteen horses which turned out to do battle for the "Cup" on Friday afternoon was the largest but one in the history of the race. Among the runners were Kiora and Shaun Aboo, who are also engaged in the Grand National. In the result, Royal Blaze won by a short head from Prince Talleyrand, the Prizeman being beaten into third place by the same distance. The race was the most exciting of all Grand Militarys, and, as was the case last year, the winner was owned by an officer of the Navy, to which service Capt. Cradock, the owner and rider of Prizeman, also belongs.

Photo *Advance Agency*

The new Princess May of Teck

The first photo of the infant daughter of Prince and Princess Alexander, Princess "May Helen Emma," who was christened at Esher Parish Church last week. Her sponsors are six: the King, the Princess of Wales, the Duke of Albany, the King of Wurtemberg, the Queen-Mother of the Netherlands, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg

Sandown in Possession of the Army



Photos *Rouch*

The Water Jump
Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase

Royal Blaze
Winner, Grand Military Gold Cup

The Members' Enclosure, Sandown Park

Tally Ho Steeplechase: The Water Jump

End of Two Causes Célèbres

The Chetwynd and Galley Cases

The legal interest of the week has been divided between London and Paris, the Courts of both cities having had before them *causes cé èbres* of long standing —the Chetwynd kidnapping case and the *affaire* Galley. In the former case, the law found itself very much in conflict with public sympathy. That a mother should desire possession of her children, and that, if usual means fail her, she should have resource to the unusual, is easily understood, and this fact it was that brought Mrs Chetwynd into contact with Thomas Duguid and Hetty Quayle, the former of whom now receives a sentence of nine months and a fine of £100 for "conspiracy" with the unhappy mother to kidnap her child Amelia. Pending a statement of a legal case, the sentence is being respited, so Mr. Duguid will enjoy a litttle interval—on bail—in which to prepare himself for a spring and summer of some discontent.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Chetwynd Case: Hetty Quayle

Duguid's alleged accomplice in the kidnapping case, who was acquitted on Thursday, while Duguid was found guilty. She is seen above entering the train at Newcastle under escort

The result of the Galley trial, by which the distinguished defaulter was sentenced to seven years, is, we suppose Mr. Shaw would contend, only another case of the persecution of misunderstood genius. Galley, like Thérèse Humbert, stands for the higher crime, crime aided by imagination, and, one thinks, is entitled to a somewhat more distinguished form of punishment than mere imprisonment. As expected, La Belle Merelli, Galley's mistress, was acquitted. She is beautiful, and wore glorious gems, and the twelve jurymen were Frenchmen. Henceforth, a career of restful distinction seems to be hers. On leaving prison, after a little supper with a few old friends, she repaired to a place in the Avenue d'Autin, where she is refusing theatrical and vaudeville engagements in favour of the more reposeful task of authorship—for which her recent experiences and extensive travels in the company of her lover will furnish her with much material.

Photo] **The Last of Galley: His sentence in Paris last week** [*Gribayedoff*

The famous absconder standing up to receive his sentence of seven years. "La Belle Merelli," his mistress, who was acquitted, is seated near him on the right of the picture

"THE ALABASTER STAIRCASE"

at the

COMEDY.

Mr John Hare
as
The Rt Hon. Sir John Abbotsford.

Miss Lottie Venne
as
The Duchess of Ranelagh.

Mr Arthur Playfair
as
Sir William Blackadder M.D.

Mr A.E. Matthews
as
The Duke of Ranelagh

Miss Sybil Carlisle
as
Aliee Abbotsford.

Mr Leslie Faber
as
Edward Pickford
M.P

Miss Granville
as
Lady Abbotsford

HOWEVER weak the political element in *The Alabaster Staircase*, there is no denying the charming comedy passages with which Captain Robert Marshall has endowed his new play. The two best characters are the Duke of Ranelagh, a young gentleman of very ordinary capacity, who is ironically nicknamed "Brains," and his mamma, the delightful Duchess of Ranelagh, who is at her very best when criticising the fine points of a menu card. The play is worth seeing for the comedy scenes alone

ROUND THE TOWN

The Season of "Doing Without"

This is the season of penitence, so we must receive in the proper spirit of humility Bishop Gore's homily upon the extravagance of modern life. It is said—I cannot vouch for it—that the repentant sinner has moments when he positively chuckles at the recollection of past good times. It is improbable that such an one will get through the present season without being haunted by the memories of past banquets. If he be one of the greedy band who, according to the late Duchess of Rutland, was in the habit of taking eleven meals a day, it is to be hoped that he will be able to remember the meals without the nightmares.

* * *

The dangers of theatre-going are on the increase. In the old days, to pelt the stalls with nuts was the legitimate occupation of the gallery during the waits, but at the Imperial on Saturday some careless "first circle" upset a glass of lemonade on to a man and woman in the stalls. The cooling shower caused the stalls to fire up. This sort of thing, however, seldom happens in the best, I mean dress, circles.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, O'd Bond Street*

The Duchess of Norfolk

* * *

Who Would Not be a Duchess?

It is a great thing to be a Duchess, for a Duchess may do and dare things which would make a lesser being turn cold even to think of. At the ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk the other day, the Duchess wore the dress she was married in *two years ago*, and the "damaging" fact was duly chronicled by that section of the Press which deals with these things. Her Grace must be a brave woman, for few Society women would care to have widely published the fact that they wore at a big ball a two-year-old

Photo *Frith*

The Great Hall, Arundel Castle, in which the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk recently gave a great ball

Patronesses of the Amateur Art Society

H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany

Photo *Otto*
Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg

Princess Beatrice of Coburg

Photo *Lafayette*
The Duchess of Somerset

The Marriage Market Busy

frock (their poor husbands, would they ever hear the last of it?), though the Duchess, who, as the Hon. Gwendolen Constable-Maxwell, dressed in the simplest manner possible, is well known to care as little as her husband for sartorial joys. Indeed, is not the tale told of the Duke of Norfolk being ordered off his own estate by a new keeper, with ideas of his own as to the personal appearance of dukes?

* * *

Her Grace of Norfolk

For many years Arundel Castle has been in the hands of the British workman, and a crane has reared its head above the battlements, but now their work is completed, and at the ball the whole Castle was thrown open to the dancers. In spite of the bad weather, everyone turned up, and amongst the most indefatigable of the dancers was Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, the subject of our frontispiece this week, who came with her father, the Duke of Richmond, from Goodwood.

The Duke of Norfolk proposed to Miss Constable-Maxwell over a game of croquet when staying with her mother, Lady Herries, at Everingham, and the Yorkshire neighbours were much surprised that the quiet Miss Gwendolen should make so brilliant a match; her sister, who is now Mrs. Eric Drummond, had always been looked upon as the beauty of the family, and had indeed inherited much of her mother's grace and distinction. Her Grace has become very popular, for she has the kindest of hearts, and is one of the most unaffected women alive

* * *

Gaiety in Ireland

Ireland is to be very gay for the next week or two. Last night, there was a Levée at the Castle, and to-day the first Drawing Room, which promised to be a very crowded function, takes place. To-morrow (Thursday) the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen give a State Banquet, followed on Friday by a State Ball, and on Tuesday, Lord and Lady Grenfell are giving a ball at the Royal Hospital to meet the

Lord Hugh Grosvenor
Whose marriage to Lady Mabel Crichton will take place early in the season

Viscount Howick
Who is to marry Lady Mabel Palmer, only daughter of the Earl of Selborne. Viscount Howick is the only son and heir of Earl Grey

Photos *Lafayette*

Viscount Cranley
Son and heir of the Earl of Onslow. Recently married to Miss Bampfylde

Viceroy and Lady Aberdeen. The final big events of the season will be the State Concert and the St. Patrick's Ball, at the Castle, on Friday week, which, with a few smaller functions and a second dance given by Lady Grenfell, will see the end of Ireland's short but delightful season.

Two of the most interesting Irish débutantes of the year are Lady Dorothy Browne and Miss Doreen O'Brien, the youngest daughter of Ellen, Lady Inchiquin. Lady Dorothy possesses the bright colouring and clear-cut features of her very young-looking mother, the Countess of Kenmare, through whose initiative, by the way, a furniture industry has been started at Killarney, and who is sending a quantity of beautiful things made by her Killarney workers to the "Irish Industries" at Lansdowne House on the 17th. One of the O'Brien's, it will be remembered, married Sig. Marconi last year.

* * *

The Marriage Market

A wedding which is to take place very soon after Easter is that of Lady Mabel Crichton and Lord Hugh Grosvenor, one of the five sons of the late Duke of Westminster, and uncle to the present Duke, though five years his junior. The two families are already closely connected, Lady Mary Grosvenor, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster, having married Lord Crichton three years ago; but intermarriage of this kind is almost unavoidable in the aristocracy.

A romance of South Africa is the term which might be applied to the latest engagement. Viscount Howick, late of the 1st Life Guards, heir to Earl Grey and A.D.C. to Lord Selborne, has just become engaged to the popular High Commissioner's only daughter, Lady Mabel Palmer, and the marriage is to be celebrated very shortly.

Very few Society weddings take place during Lent, and that of Major Adam and Miss Baring last Monday was fixed regardless of festivals and fasts, owing to the fact that the bridegroom only arrived in England a week or two ago, and will return to

Eccentricities at Nice Carnival

Gigantic Cakewalkers

KING CARNIVAL AND HIS ESCORT

Giants of the Press

Lord Balfour and the "Constitutional"

Calcutta immediately in order to resume his duties as Military Secretary to the Viceroy.

* * *

Carnival in Nice

My correspondent in Nice writes me that the world down there is going merry as a marriage bell. Nice, it appears, has thrown herself heart and soul into her carnival, and is gaily congratulating herself on the fact that there were thousands more visitors in Nice this year than last. The processions, grotesque though its mummers are, are said to have surpassed in size and novelty any they have had for many a year. The scheme carried out in the procession of King Folly and his Royal spouse was an astrological one, suggested probably by last summer's eclipse, and the "Royal" car was followed by a huge comet, some fifty or sixty feet in length, with a traditionally garbed astrologer seated on its tail. Mardi Gras, however, saw the end of the Carnival, the last day of which was celebrated by the throwing of plaster confetti, a feature of King Carnival's reign now fortunately reduced to one day's duration.

Photo *Russell and Son*

Lord Balfour of Burleigh

Who has been expelled by the Constitutional Club Committee

The Riviera has, indeed, been well patronised this year, and people are still leaving England in a final endeavour to escape March winds. The Duke and Duchess of Portland are among those who are leaving England very shortly. They are going on a yachting trip in the waters of Greece, and the Duchess, who is famed for her charity, is looking forward very much to the journey. Talking of the Riviera and the fashionable exodus which takes place at this unkind season of the year, reminds me of the tirade against West End shopkeepers in which the *Saturday Review*, with the cynicism for which it is famous, indulged last week.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Canon Duckworth

Who will retire from the Vicarage of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.

Photo *Whitlock*

Lord Justice Mathew

Who is lying seriously ill

According to the *Saturday Review*, many noble lords and ladies and others belonging to the Upper Ten, not having been selected by degenerate opinion as their representatives in Parliament, had shut up their town houses, and were seeking "fresh woods and pastures new" by voyages or visits to the Riviera, etc., in order to avenge themselves for their rebuff, the idea being that they would spend their money out of England. Now this is scarcely the case. West End shops are very busy, and though a great number of people are on the Continent, the result of the elections is by no means the reason for it. They would have gone there anyhow. In any case, the insinuation of our contemporary that the people who spend money had gone abroad in a huff instead of remaining in England, pictures our public men in rather a pitiable light.

* * *

Exit Lord Balfour

Club talk of the week has centred round the expulsion of Lord Balfour of Burleigh from that stronghold of respectable middle-class Toryism, the Constitutional Club, and the general opinion is that such treatment is, to say the least of it, unfair, considering that Lord Balfour's only sin lies in the fact that he has not changed his opinions. Lord Balfour, of course, is by no means the only victim of the tide of Party feeling which is running so high just now, and though he will quite well be able to exist without the Constitutional Club, it is doubtful whether he meant to go quite so far as he did when he remonstrated, in circular form, on the Fiscal campaign of the would-be member for Chelsea.

* * *

Canon Duckworth's Resignation

Talk and premise were also rife last week about the resignation by Canon Duckworth of his living at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace. The Canon, besides being the popular Vicar of St. Mark's, is also Sub-Dean and Canon of Westminster. He is one of the finest preachers of the day, and his resignation of his position as Vicar of St. Mark's will leave a gap there will be some difficulty in filling. Canon Duckworth is seventy-two, and has, for a long time, done very little actual work, everything having been left to his curate, so that it is probable he is resigning simply because he feels the need of a rest. He is a great devotee of the King's, and I remember that, after the Coronation service, in which the Canon played a great part, the King said to him in the disrobing room, "This is one of the happiest days, if not

A Lordly Unionist Caucus

Photo *Russell*

Lord Newton

Photo *Dickinson*

Lord Oranmore and Browne

Photo *Lafayette*

The Earl of Donoughmore

Photo *Lafayette*

The Duke of Marlborough

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Earl of Harrowby

SIX PEERS WHO HAVE
BANDED TOGETHER
TO OPPOSE
THE GOVERNMENT
— IN —
THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Photo *Lafayette*

Viscount Ridley

Peeresses and Politics

the happiest day, I ever spent." The Canon also numbers the Princess Louise among his best friends.

* * *

Lord Justice Mathew

The news of the serious illness of Lord Justice Mathew has been received with much regret and sympathy. Justice Mathew, who lately retired from the Bench, was a most popular judge, and won respect from friends and foes alike. He is the happy possessor of a very pretty daughter, and his early and complete recovery is hoped for by many friends.

* * *

Strenuous Peers

The Unionist peers, or, rather, six of them, have come gallantly to the rescue of their equally gallant but numerically weak brethren in the Commons. The important circular issued from the Carlton, and addressed to all the Opposition members of the House of Lords, signed by Lords Donoughmore, Harrowby, Newton, Oranmore, Ridley, and the Duke of Marlborough, has as its object the securing of concerted and profitable effort (to speak Parliamentarily) to criticise systematically the acts of His Majesty's Government by Opposition members in the House of Lords in view of the inferiority of the rank and file of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons. It is interesting to note that two of the signatories of this highly satisfactory document are peers who sit in the Upper House as representative peers of Ireland, viz., Lords Donoughmore and Oranmore. Industrial and business interests may be said to be covered by Lord Harrowby, who is a partner in Coutts and Co., and who, some time ago, married the daughter of the late Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith. The last on the list, Lord Ridley, is not much over thirty, and is married to Lord Wimborne's youngest daughter. He is one of the most strenuous and intellectual of men, and I remember that even at Oxford, where, I believe, he took his degree with honours, he was marked out as a man who would do something.

Photo *Lafayette*

The latest photograph of Viscount Milner
Who made a notable speech in the Lords last week

* * *

Peeresses and the Chinese Debate

One of the most interesting features of last week's Parliament was the Transvaal debate in the Lords, in which Lord Milner, in a maiden speech, advocated some limitations in the grant of self-government to the Orange River Colony, and defended the moral impeachment of his policy in South Africa.

I must confess I did not know, until I attended this debate, that the subject of Chinese Labour was of such interest to women. I have never before, at a debate, seen such an unusually large number of ladies in the Peeresses' Gallery, and that their interest in the subject was indeed great was very evident from the rapt attention with which they followed every word of the ex-High Commissioner's speech. Lord Milner had a splendid opportunity of making a strong attack on the Government, but somehow his speech lacked fire. His voice is thin, at times almost shrill, and as an orator he is distinctly disappointing, for he scarcely modulates his voice, and has practically no power of emphasis. His personality is certainly impressive, and you cannot help feeling that he is a strong man, but, at the same time, his features are singularly immobile and hard. I felt that Lord Milner would have made a most admirable judge, but, as a diplomatist, he lacks most essentially the two qualities that are vital to success—sympathy and tact. The crowds who listened to him went away afterwards greatly disappointed.

The Chinese Problem in the Transvaal

(By Our Special Correspondent in Johannesburg)

The question is—Were Chinese imported into the Transvaal for the benefit of the country generally, or merely to augment the riches of an already affluent foreign element?

Candidly speaking, I cannot admit for a moment that any part of this sub-continent has derived any benefit, either directly or indirectly, from their importation. At the present time, the Transvaal is experiencing a grave commercial depression, and this in spite of the many promises of a year ago that the country would forge ahead within twelve months following the advent of the first batch of Celestials.

Chinese labour, so allege the members of that subtle little coterie known as the Chamber of Mines, is a huge success, and for the edification of the new Cabinet they compile most egregious statistics, and prove absolutely beyond doubt (?), as one usually can by the compilation of a few figures, that black is white, and *vice versâ*. To all that has been written in favour of Chinese labour, I can only say that the general concensus of opinion in South Africa is that it can be dispensed with. The people's opinion was never honestly gained when the idea was first mooted, and anti-Chinese meetings were disorganised by the rowdyism of paid "stiffs," who were conveyed to Johannesburg in special trains ordered by the mineowners. I refer principally to that great meeting held at the Wanderers' Hall, when the present Mayor stood for five hours trying to get a hearing in protest against Chinese labour. This he could not get in consequence of this large number of rowdies who crowded the hall about two hours prior to the advertised time of the meeting.

Apart from this, the Chinamen constitute an element of great danger to the people living, not only in the vicinity of the mines, but to those who live at a distance from them. During the past year, numberless outrages have been perpetrated. Assaults and robbery are of daily occurrence, and quite recently a general dealer's store was blown up with dynamite and the occupant killed.

THE SPORTSWOMEN

"Good gracious! we've gone and forgotten to bring fishing-rods. What *shall* we do? Who ever heard of a fishing expedition without fishing-rods?"

"Oh, well, it can't be helped. After all, it might have been worse. Suppose we had forgotten the plates, or the chocolate-cake, or the caramel creams!"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

THE CHINESE PROBLEM IN THE TRANSVAAL

A corner of the Compound

Mr. Van Eerden's farm

In a Compound

A group of coolies

A few days ago, a brutal attack was made by a party of Chinamen upon the occupants of an isolated farmhouse situated in the Maraisburg district, a few miles from Johannesburg. Shortly after midnight, Mr. and Mrs. Van Eerden, and Miss Pretorius, a young lady residing with the aged couple, were awakened by a series of heavy blows upon the front door. Jumping out of bed, Mr. Van Eerden made his way to the window, but before he could reach it, the door was burst in, and he was immediately overpowered and beaten to the ground with heavy iron drills. Whilst in this helpless condition, he was brutally kicked about the head and body until rendered unconscious. Simultaneously with the attack upon the front portion of the premises, the other half of the party effected an entrance into the bedroom through a window, which they smashed to atoms, situated round the side of the house.

It was here they confronted Mrs. Van Eerden and Miss Pretorius. These ladies fought and struggled desperately with the marauders, but were soon beaten to the ground by a succession of heavy blows until they, too, became unconscious.

The work of pillaging then commenced, and, in addition to minor articles, £28 in gold was stolen.

It has not yet been ascertained whether they came from the Crœsus or Aurora mines, but it is pretty certain they came from one of the two. No arrests have been made yet. Mr. Van Eerden's injuries are very serious, and the doctor reports that it will go very hard with him, especially on account of his age.

Without taking an alarmist view of the present condition of affairs, it must be readily admitted that since the introduction of Chinese labour the people residing in the outside districts have lived in a constant state of apprehension, lest at any moment they may be attacked.

Out shopping in Reef Road

A snapshot in Reef Road

PARIS Week by Week.

PARIS, SATURDAY, MARCH 3

By FRANCES KEYZER

Exit St. Lazare

The St. Lazare Prison is to disappear!—at last!—a crying disgrace to modern ideas of hygiene, both physical and moral. This vast building, situated in the most populous neighbourhood of the city—the Faubourg St. Denis—dates from the beginning of the twelfth century. But before it became a prison for women, it went through many curious phases. To begin at the beginning, St. Lazare was a hospital for lepers, as its name denotes. From 1515 to the seventeenth century the lepers were replaced by a body of monks, who took possession of the building, and spent the enormous revenues in feasting. In 1632, however there came an end to these rejoicings, that amounted, according to the writers of the times, to scandal, and St. Vincent de Paul was instructed to reform the establishment. Here he founded the Congregation of Lazarists, called the Priests of the Mission, and here he died and was buried at the foot of the altar; his tomb, with a commemorative inscription, was still visible in 1789.

The Abolition of St. Lazare Prison: The big dormitory with ninety beds

* * *

Beaumarchais in St. Lazare

Ten years before the Revolution, a portion of St. Lazare was a House of Correction for men. It was here that Beaumarchais, the celebrated author of the "Marriage of Figaro," was imprisoned for no ostensible reason, solely on the strength of a *lettre de cachet*. Fortunately, for the poet, this occurred at a moment when ideas of liberty were fermenting in the minds of the people; and there was such an outcry, that the authorities had to order his immediate release. He had only been three days in prison—a unique event in those tyrannical times.

On the eve of the taking of the Bastille, the Monastery of St. Lazare was stormed. Famine raged all over the country; people were starving. Then came the cry that food was stowed away by speculative monks, who wanted to enrich themselves by this public calamity, and the mob knocked at the doors of St. Lazare and asked if provisions had been stored there. "We are poor monks," was the reply, "we have only sufficient for our daily wants." But, as the old saying has it, *ventre affamé n'a pas d'oreilles*; and, unheeding the holy men's protestations, they forced their way in, and found that their suspicions were justified. In the cellars and lofts were enormous quantities of corn, maize, salted meats, wine, and food of all descriptions; and the monks would have fared badly if they had not escaped by a secret passage.

* *

André Chenier in St. Lazare

Then the Revolution broke out, and St. Lazare was turned into a prison, an anteroom for the guillotine. Here André Chenier, the young poet, wrote his famous verses, "La Jeune Captive," inspired by Mlle. de Coigny, a fellow-prisoner.

Here, also, Muller painted the well-known "Appel des Condamnés," where we see a man calling out the names of those to be led to execution—the picture which, probably on account of its melodramatic effects, has become so popular.

To give an idea of the importance of the ground owned by the monks of St. Lazare, I have but to state that it extended from the top of the Faubourg St. Denis to the bottom of the Rue d'Hauteville. But it was soon confiscated and sold in lots.

* * *

A Prison for Women

Under the first Napoleon, the old building became, what it has remained up to the present day, exclusively a prison for women; for those undergoing a light sentence, for those under remand, and for a special category of women who have not complied with the police regulations affecting their class.

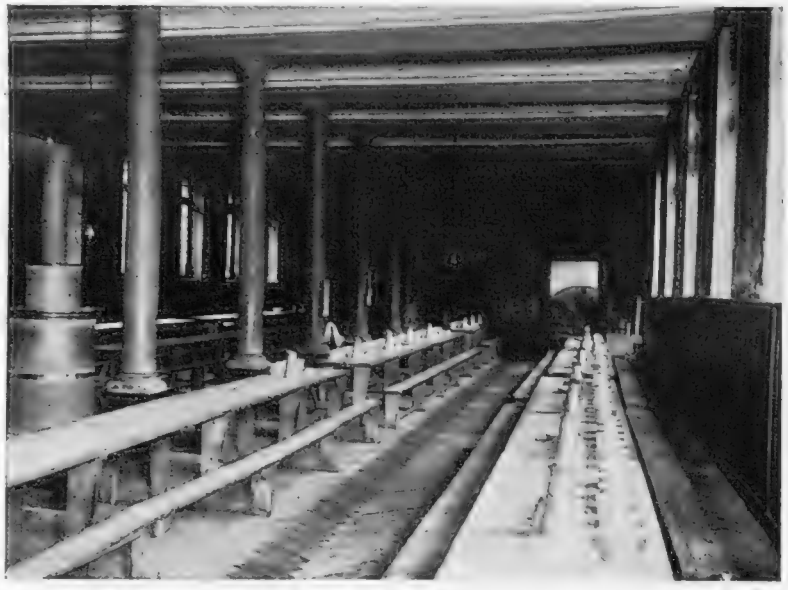
The Last of St. Lazare Prison

This sinister-looking structure consists of five separate buildings, surrounding three courtyards planted with trees. A road isolates the entire prison Each building has four stories; they contain in all twelve hundred inmates. The ground floor is reserved for criminals awaiting their transfer to other penal establishments, and their workshops are also situated there. On the floor above we find the second category: girls under age, to be detained until they reach their majority. On the third floor are penned the "unfortunates."

* * *

The "Unfortunates"

The latter, in this house of misery, form the bulk of the prisoners, and are again subdivided into three classes: the seniors, the unruly, and the young. To the miserable elderly women St. Lazare is a home, which they never want to leave. Poor wretches, what awaits them outside? The pavement for a bed! No sooner is one discharged in the morning than she finds the means of being brought back at night. The "unruly" constitute the dangerous class. Dangerous in every sense of the word. It wants the pen of the author of the Inferno to describe that assembly! The young are most to be pitied. They, like the seniors and the unruly, have a room to themselves; with these, many efforts are made to redeem them, but, owing to the number of black sheep among them, these efforts are mostly fruitless. It is against this promiscuousness that there is a public outcry. As in the old days at Newgate, where prisoners of every class were herded together, where boys charged with stealing a loaf were thrown among the worst criminals, so a girl who has made the first false step becomes absolutely corrupted by the surroundings at St. Lazare.



The Last of St. Lazare Prison: The dining hall

* * *

Prisoners Under Remand

All prisoners under remand have, of course, separate cells; and every woman arrested for one crime or another has passed through this gloomy building: Gabrielle Bompard, the murderess of Gouffé; Mme. Limousin, the lady who traded in decorations, and compromised Wilson, M. Grévy's son-in-law; Mme. Humbert, now in prison at Rennes; in fact, all the celebrities in the world of crime. At the present moment the interesting inmate is La Merelli, the mistress of Gallay, the absconding bank clerk.

* * *

A Remnant of a Barbarous Age

Badly ventilated, insufficiently heated and lighted, the old prison is a remnant of a barbarous age. But, although the prisoners have to content themselves with a candle, there is no reason why the food should not be so plentiful as in the other houses of detention. Prisoners under remand can order their meals from outside, provided the food is of a plain order. The food supplied by the establishment is scandalous. Twice a day a thin soup of dried or fresh vegetables; two pieces of boiled beef during the week; no wine beyond the thimbleful that can be bought at the canteen, where prisoners who have money can obtain a supplement. Under these conditions, it need scarcely be said, anæmia and consumption make rapid strides.

* *

Severe Punishments at St. Lazare

The punishments are very severe, and comprise: the dark, cold cell, bread and water, a plank bed, and, if necessary, a strait-waistcoat.

One of the great reproaches levelled at St. Lazare is the assimilation of prison and hospital, the latter for women of the special category already described. And this alone is sufficient reason to condemn the establishment as a disgrace to civilisation.

* * *

Where the Sisters are at Fault

The prisoners are under the supervision of the Sisters of Marie-Joseph, a religious order created for prison service. And I endorse the opinion of those who consider that this class of work should not be entrusted to Sisters in general. The result of their strict religious education makes them look upon unchastity as a greater offence than murder. No matter how tender-hearted they may be, they can never overcome the repulsion for a woman who has sinned against modesty, whereas a lay-woman would readily forgive her.

Francesco Reyzer

Views Inside the Prison

A punishment cell

Padded cell, showing the rents made by the prisoners' teeth

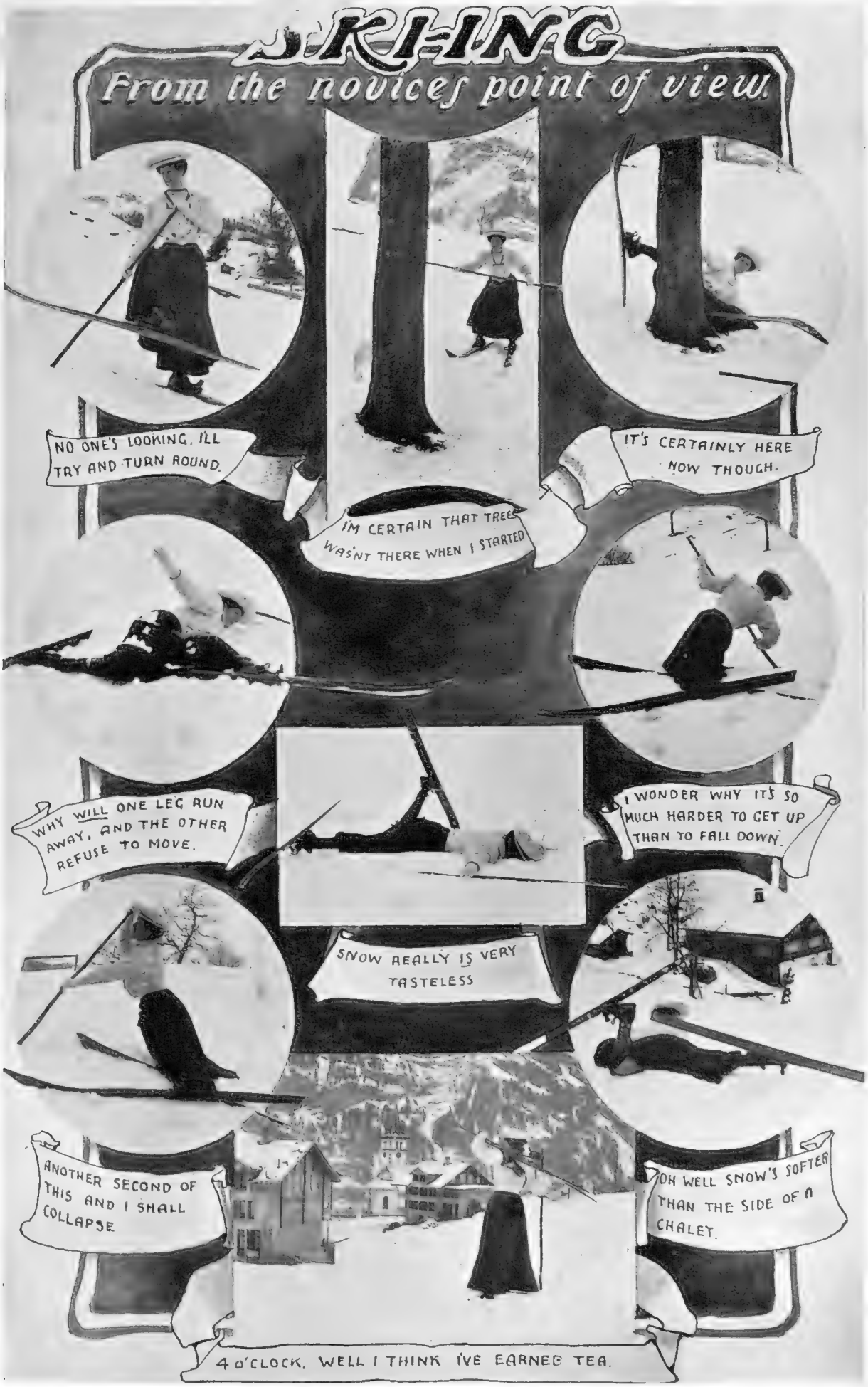
The prisoners' chapel

The punishment cells, called "The Menagery"

Wardrobe room, where prisoners' hats are kept

WINTER SPORT IN SWITZERLAND: A CURLING MATCH AT KANDERSTEG

Curling, the great Scottish pastime, has invaded Switzerland. Kandersteg, a rising resort, is now the headquarters of the game. There was recently held there an International Curling Bonspiel, which drew the leading spirits of the pastime from their Highland fastnesses. The Cup was won by the Selkirk team (D. Carnegie Alexander, skipper), the Partick team (W. Hunter Kennedy, skipper) being second, and the Sanquhar team (R. Bramwell, skipper) third.


SKI-ING
From the novices point of view.
NO ONE'S LOOKING. I'LL TRY AND TURN ROUND.
IT'S CERTAINLY HERE NOW THOUGH.
I'M CERTAIN THAT TREE WASN'T THERE WHEN I STARTED
WHY WILL ONE LEG RUN AWAY, AND THE OTHER REFUSE TO MOVE.
I WONDER WHY IT'S SO MUCH HARDER TO GET UP THAN TO FALL DOWN.
SNOW REALLY IS VERY TASTELESS
ANOTHER SECOND OF THIS AND I SHALL COLLAPSE
OH WELL SNOW'S SOFTER THAN THE SIDE OF A CHALET.
4 O'CLOCK, WELL I THINK I'VE EARNED TEA.

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Garde Republicaine Band

The band of the Garde Republicaine is the latest of the many "crack" combinations, home and foreign, to honour London with a visit, among which may be mentioned Sousa, the Kilties, the Band of Rome, the "Besses o' the Barn," for each of whom various virtues are claimed. Londoners have no reason to object to these military band invasions. On the contrary, the more music we are enabled to hear of an evening the better, no matter from what quarter it hails. The Garde Republicaine has provided us with some excellent programmes, and has given us another opportunity of toasting "l'Entente Musicale." And, without doubt, the band plays very well, and is specially sympathetic with its national music.

* * *

A Danger

But there is one danger to be avoided in connection with these visitations from "crack" bands. Let us not be deluded into regarding them as we have got to regard virtuoso soloists—to believe that a band from abroad with a catchy name is necessarily superior to a home band. A "virtuoso" military band, which indulges in tricks of trill and twirl, is an abomination. The chief test of excellence is that it plays together, with good swing and *verve*, and that it plays music suitable to its limited powers, and to the fact that it has only wind and brass instruments. There are a dozen British military bands who possess these qualities; and let us not despise them as obscure because they are not advertised and Press-managed.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Garde Republicaine band, who have recently visited London

Photographed in the act of playing into a phonograph. The band has lately given a fortnight's concerts at Covent Garden

* * *

Twentieth-Century Compositions

Certainly that was an original notion of Miss Mary Cracroft, who on February 24 gave a concert, herself playing the pianoforte, of "Twentieth-Century Compositions." That Miss Cracroft displayed phenomenal gifts, that she is another Carreño, or Kleeberg, is not, of course, to be said. But she showed considerable intelligence, and her programme contained interesting excerpts, chiefly from Debussy and Rachmaninoff, two very interesting exemplars of the modern spirit in composition. In fact, when the former is rid of some of those theories of his, among which is one that melody is to be supplanted by orchestral tone-colouring, etc., I venture to think he will be recognised as the greatest of French living composers. There were several Debussy items performed at the concert, as well as some songs by Richard Strauss, a Sonata for violoncello and pianoforte by Ludwig Thuille, and a song by Elgar. I must also congratulate the young baritone, Mr. Geoffrey Besant, who gave a recital at the Steinway on February 23, an admirable selection of songs, drawn largely from English and French repertories, and also on his artistic and sympathetic rendering of them.

* * *

Grieg's "Lyric Suite"

Another happy idea was that of Miss Katie Parker, a young violinist, who attracted the musical public to her first Queen's Hall recital by including in the programme something novel—a "Lyric Suite" by Grieg, performed as an orchestral work for the first time in London. Miss Parker played a Bach Concerto well indeed, seeing how youthful a violinist she is, and, it is to be hoped, will gain the needed strength with further training. The Grieg Suite, as an orchestral piece, was new, and some of the numbers were scored very effectively, particularly the Rustic March. The last movement, a "Dance of the Dwarfs," makes effective use of the downward chromatic scale—reminiscent of the accompaniment to the Pilgrim's Chorus in the *Tannhäuser* overture. There was nothing startlingly original—for Grieg — in the movement, but it was a little unkind of a contemporary critic to dub it, in the columns of an evening paper, "our old friend the last movement of the 'Gynt' Suite." Grieg is fond of the nether world, of dwarves, and elves, and sprites, and gnomes, but he is quite capable of writing two such pieces as this without repeating himself, and his originality did not so completely desert him on the occasion in question as the critic would have us believe.

VIVIAN CARTER

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

The Famous Home of the Earl of Pembroke.

Photo Russell

The Earl of Pembroke

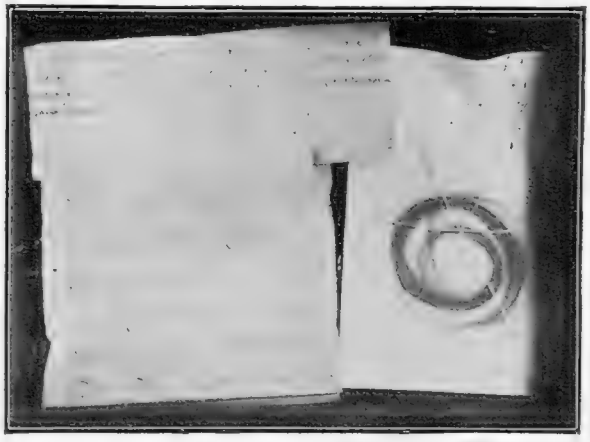
Wilton

The home of the Earl of Pembroke close to Salisbury, apart from its delightful appearance, is a house of great historical interest. Wilton House stands upon the site of the old Abbey, which, with the surrounding estates, was granted by Henry VIII., after the dissolution of the monasteries in 1539, to William, first Earl of Pembroke. When the Abbey was pulled down, the house was rebuilt and completed during the reign of Edward VI. from the designs of Hans Holbein. Of this building only the centre of the east front remains, the greater portion having been destroyed by fire. The house was rebuilt from designs by Inigo Jones, and at the end of the last century the north and west fronts were rebuilt, and quite spoilt, by Wyatt. In addition to Sir Philip Sidney, there are historical associations with Cardinal Wolsey, Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, and Charles I., "who did love Wilton above all places, and came thither every summer." The verses inscribed to Queen Bess by Sir Philip Sidney in return for a lock of her hair run as follows:

> Her inward worth all outward show transcends,
> Envy her merits with regret commends,
> Like sparkling gems her virtues draw the light,
> And in her conduct she is always bright.
> When she imparts her thoughts, her words have force,
> And sense and wisdom flow in sweet discourse.

Photo Lafayette

The Countess of Pembroke



Royal relics at Wilton

The inscription reads: "This lock of Queen Elzabeth's owne hair was presented to Sir Philip Sidney by Her Majesty's owne faire hands, on which he made these verses and gave them to the Queen, on his bended knee, A.D. 1573"

Photos Leonard Willoughby

Historic armour in the entrance hall to Wilton

The beautiful grounds contain more than seventy acres of mown lawn, and through these the River Nadder runs past the house, dividing the grounds from the park. This is crossed by the famous old Palladian Bridge.

Through the northern portions of the grounds the River Wylye runs, dividing the grounds from the kitchen gardens. This joins the Nadder in the grounds and flows on to Salisbury, where on its banks Izaak Walton wrote "The Compleat Angler." The features of the house are the entrance hall, with its suits of armour, all of which have histories; the quadrangle and cloisters which run round it, and contain many fine works of art; the rooms along the south front, consisting of the corner room, colonnade room, double cube, and single cube rooms. These are gorgeously decorated in white and gold, and contain pictures by Vandyke, Lely, Reynolds, Kneller, Wissing, and Richmond. In the double cube is the largest picture Vandyke ever painted, and occupies almost the whole of the west wall. The ceilings are exquisitely painted by Thomaso and Arpino, and the rooms are perfectly proportioned. The library looks out to the west over the Italian garden and to the enormous yew hedge, which is over 40 feet high. It is a large room, and contains many fine pictures and valuable books.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

The Seat of the Earl o

The Quadrangle

WI
Holb

On the Palladian Bridge

The Genera

Photo

Pembroke and Montgomery.

TON
Tower

View from S.E.

The South Front.

The Wonderful Yew

Leonard Willoughby

The Connoisseur.

Some Modern Glass

As with many of the charming applied arts of the modern house, antiquity has terribly anticipated us in the matter of glass production. The forms of the greatest beauty were known to the ancients; and the most fully decorated, the most useful, as well as the most bizarre, were sent forth to the world from Venice during the flourishing periods of European art As regards our own particular productions in "these islands," although without the imagination of Italy or the elaboration of the Northern States, we may be said to have kept a fairly good standard of work. Old English glass is now so largely collected and admired that there can be no doubt that it is affecting no small change in the taste of the time. The Georgian heavy cut-glass deteriorated in the bad days of the nineteenth century into mechanically produced imitations which could give no pleasure to the artist, but were cheap and useful.

The tendency of our time is to attempt the brave threefold task of providing the beautiful, the useful, the inexpensive, in one piece. The failures are, no doubt, many, but as regards glass, at least, there have been victories of late. The decanters, for example, of which we give four very different designs by Mr. Harry Powell, have greatly improved during the last decade. The decanter of yesterday, with its feeble proportions, bulbous base, and long slender neck, was both awkward and ugly, but the study of the antique, and the introduction of silver and enamel in the composition of this useful piece, have brought it back to the realms of decoration and given it no small æsthetic value. What has been done in this particular department of glass has also been carried out in regard to all sorts of drinking vessels. The Rose Bowl, of which we give a photograph, is among the exhibits that Messrs. Powell have sent to the "Arts and Crafts" this year. E. M.

(1) Decanter designed by Mr. Harry Powell

(2) Reproduction of decorative cutting on an old Roman bottle in Museum at Cologne

(3) Rose Bowl. Platinum leaf embedded in body of glass. Has the effect of being sprinkled with silver

(4) Chained Claret Bottle

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 13.

THE FORTUNATE PAINTER AND THE HONEST JEW

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

There were times when Charlie Bartle could take his straitened circumstances with a light heart. When the sky was blue and the air of Paris, keen yet balmy, was more exhilarating than wine, his studio in the Rue Breda lost its shabbiness. On such days as these he went down into the street and watched gay ladies make their purchases for luncheon. The disarray of their costume in the morning contrasted with the splendour with which he had seen them emerge from their houses the night before. They lingered on the door of greengrocers, bargaining for their vegetables with the strenuousness of model housewives. Several had sat for him, and with these he exchanged the gossip of the quarter. Then, his eyes filled with the vivacity of that scene, he returned to his studio, and sought to place on canvas the dancing sunlight of the Parisian street. He felt in him the courage to paint masterpieces. But when grey clouds and rain made the colours on his palette scarcely distinguishable from one another, his mood changed. He could scarcely bear the dingy shabbiness of his studio. He looked with distaste at the picture on which he had been working for a month, and saw that it was bad. His poverty appalled him.

It was on such an occasion that Charles Bartle sat, pipe in mouth, contemplating with deep discouragement the work of his hands. He smoked gloomily. Presently, with a sigh, he took a palette-knife and prepared to scrape down all that he had done. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," cried Charlie, looking round.

It was slowly opened by a little old man, with a bald head, a hooked nose of immense size, and a grey beard. He was shabbily dressed, but the rings on his finger, the diamond in his tie, and his massive watch-chain, suggested that it was not from poverty.

"Monsieur Leir!" said Charlie, with a smile. "Come in. I'm delighted to see you."

"I knew you couldn't paint in this weather, so I thought I shouldn't be in your way."

He came into the room and looked at Bartle's unfinished canvas. The painter watched him anxiously, but no change in the Frenchman's expression betrayed his opinion.

"Do you think it's utterly rotten?" asked Charlie.

"My dear fellow, you young men are so impatient. You buy a canvas, and you buy paints, and you think you can produce marvels immediately. You won't give time to it, and you won't give patience. The old masters weren't in such a hurry. Read Vasari and you'll see how they worked."

Charles Bartle impatiently threw aside his palette-knife.

"I wish I'd been a crossing-sweeper rather than a painter. It's a dog's life that I lead. I do without everything that gives happiness, and I don't even do work that's fit to look at."

Monsieur Leir sat down, took from his waistcoat pocket the stump of an unfinished cigar, rubbed the charred end with his finger and lit it. He smoked this with apparent satisfaction. In his day he had known many painters. Some had succeeded, but most had failed, and he knew that the profession, even for the fortunate, was very hard. Genius itself starved at times, and recognition often did not arrive till a man was too embittered to enjoy it. But he liked artists, and found a peculiar satisfaction in their society. And this was only natural, for they had made his fortune. Monsieur Leir was a dealer. He had early seen the merit of the impressionists, had bought their pictures systematically, thus saving many of them from disaster and, at the same time, benefiting himself, and finally sold them when the world discovered that Manet, Monet, and Sisley, were great painters. His only daughter had married Rudolf Kühn, a dealer in New York, so Monsieur Leir felt justified in spending the years that remained to him in a condition of opulent idleness. But he flattered himself that the painters whose works he had bought for a song were his friends as well as his customers, and it pleased him still to potter about the studios of those who yet lived. When Charlie Bartle settled in the house in which he himself had an apartment, Monsieur Leir gladly made his acquaintance. The young man was delighted to hear stories of the wild life they led in Montmartre in the 'seventies, and he was taken, too, by the kindliness of the retired dealer. There was an unaffected amiability in Monsieur Leir's manner, which led the foreigner quickly to pour into his sympathetic ear his troubles and his ambitions. The dealer was a lonely man, and he soon began to feel a certain affection for the young painter. Now that he was no longer in the trade, he could afford to put charms of manner before talent, and the mediocrity of his friend's work touched his gentle old heart.

"It's one of your bad days, *mon vieux*," said the dealer.

Next week will be published "The Attack in the Rue de la Presse," by LEONARD MERRICK

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"I wish to goodness I was a dealer, like you," laughed Charlie. "At least I shouldn't be worried to death by the approach of quarter-day."

"The picture-trade is no place for an honest man now," returned Monsieur Leir, reflectively. "It was all very well in the old days, when we had it in our own hands. We drove hard bargains, but it was all above-board. But now the Christians have taken to it, there's a good deal too much hocus-pocus."

"I simply can't go on this way. I have to pay three hundred francs for my rent to-morrow, and I shan't have a penny left to buy myself bread and butter for the next month. No one will buy a picture."

Monsieur Leir looked at him with good-natured eyes, but he said nothing. Charlie glanced at the portrait of a very pretty girl, which stood in solitary splendour, magnificently framed, on the chimney-piece.

"I had a letter from Rosie this morning. Her people want her to give me up. They say there's not the least chance of my ever earning any money."

"But will she do that?" asked the dealer.

"No, of course not," answered Charlie, with decision. "She's a good girl. But it means waiting, waiting, waiting; and our youth is going, and we shall grow sore with hope deferred. When at last we marry we shall be disillusionised and bitter."

He sighed deeply. He brooded with despair on the future, and the old man did not venture to disturb him. He watched the painter with compassion. At last, however, he spoke.

"What are the exact conditions on which the father of your *fiancée* will allow you to marry her?"

"They're insane. You see, she has five thousand pounds of her own. He refuses to consent to our marriage unless I can produce the same sum or show that I am earning two hundred and fifty a year. And the worst of it is that I can't help acknowledging he's right. I don't want Rosie to endure hardships."

"You know that my daughter's husband is a dealer in New York," returned Monsieur Leir, presently. "I vowed when I sold off my stock that I would never deal in pictures again, but I'm fond of you, my friend, and I should like to help you. Show me your stuff, and I'll send it to Rudolf; he may be able to sell it in America."

"That would be awfully good of you," cried Charlie.

The dealer sat down while Bartle placed on his easel one after the other his finished pictures. There were, perhaps, a dozen, and Monsieur Leir looked at them without a word. For the moment he had gone back to his old state, and he allowed no expression to betray his feelings. No one could have told from that inscrutable gaze whether he thought the painting good or bad.

"That's the lot," said Charlie, at length. "D'you think the American public will seize their opportunity, and allow us to marry?"

"What is that?" asked the dealer quietly, pointing to the last canvas, its face against the wall, which Bartle had not shown him.

Without a word the painter produced it and fixed it on the easel. Monsieur Leir gave a slight start, and the indifference of his expression vanished.

"A Watteau!" he cried. "But, my dear fellow, how did you get that? You talk of poverty and you have a Watteau. Why, I can sell that for you in America for double the sum you want."

"Look at it carefully," smiled Charlie.

The dealer went up to the picture and peered into it. His eyes glittered with delight. It represented a group of charming persons by the side of a lake. It was plain that the ladies, so decadent and dainty, discussed preciously with swains, all gallant in multi-coloured satins, the verses of Racine or the letters of Madame de Sevigné. The placid water reflected white clouds, and the trees were russet already with approaching autumn. It was a stately scene, with its green woodland distance, and the sober opulence of oak and elm; and it suggested ease and long tending. Those yellows and greens and reds glowed with mellow light.

"It's one of the few Watteaus I've ever seen with a signature," said the dealer.

"You flatter me," said Charlie. "Of course, it's only a copy. The original belonged to some old ladies in England whom I knew; and last summer, when it rained, I spent my days in copying it. I suppose chance guided my hand happily; everyone agreed it was not badly done."

"A copy?" cried Monsieur Leir. "A copy? Where is the original? Would your friends sell it?"

"The ruling instinct is as strong as ever," laughed the painter. "Unfortunately, a month after I finished this the house was burnt down, and everything was destroyed."

The dealer drew a deep breath, and for a moment meditated. He looked at Charlie sharply.

"Didn't you say you wanted three hundred francs for your rent?" he asked, very quietly. "I'll buy that copy off you."

"Nonsense, I'll give it you. You're taking no end of trouble for me, and you've been awfully kind."

"You're a fool, my friend," answered Monsieur Leir. "Write me out a receipt for the money."

He took from his pocket-book three bank-notes and laid them on the table. Bartle hesitated for an instant, but he wanted the money badly. He shrugged his shoulders. He sat down and wrote the receipt. But as he was about to give it, an idea came to him and he quickly drew it back.

"Look here, you're not going to try any hanky-panky tricks, are you? I won't sell you the copy unless you give me your word that you won't try and pass it off as an original."

A quiet smile passed across the dealer's lips.

"You can easily re-assure yourself. Just paint out the signature and put your own name on the top of it."

Without a word, Bartle did as the old man suggested, and presently his own name was neatly painted in place of the master's.

"I don't mistrust you," he said, as he handed the receipt, "but it's well not to put temptation in the way of wily dealers."

Monsieur Leir laughed as he pocketed the document and took the Watteau in his hand. He pointed with a slightly disdainful finger at Bartle's pictures.

"It's one of your bad days, mon vieux"

DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY TO ILLUSTRATE OUR WORLDLY STORY

"I'm going to take the copy along with me, and I'll send my *femme de ménage* for the others," he said. But at the door he stopped. "I like your pictures, my friend, and when Rudolf knows that I take an interest in you, I daresay he'll be able to sell them. Don't be surprised if in another month I come and tell you that you can marry your *fiancée*."

Monsieur Leir packed the Watteau with his own hands, and despatched it without delay. He wrote a discreet little letter to his son-in-law announcing its immediate arrival, and suggesting that they should share the profits of its sale. It was growing late, so he went to his *café* and drank the absinthe with which he invariably prepared for the evening meal. Then, with a chuckle, he wrote the following note :—

To the Chief Officer, U.S.A. Customs, New York.

Sir,—An attempt will shortly be made to pass through the Customs a copy of a picture by Watteau. It is signed Charles Bartle. If, moreover, you scrape away the name, you will find the signature of the French painter. I leave you to make what inferences you choose.

Yours faithfully,
An Honest Man.

Less than this was necessary to excite the suspicions of the least trusting section of mankind. It was scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that when Rudolf Kühn went to the Customs House at New York to pass the picture that had been sent him, he was received with incredulity. He asserted with conviction that it was only a copy, and produced the receipt which Monsieur Leir had been so cautious as to send him. But the official who saw him merely laughed in his face. He was quite accustomed to the tricks whereby astute dealers in works of art sought to evade the duty.

"I suppose you'd be surprised if I told you that the picture was signed by Antoine Watteau," he said, with a dry smile.

"More than that. I should be amazed beyond words," answered Rudolf Kühn, confidently.

Silently the Customs' officer took a palette-knife, scraped away the name of Charles Bartle, and there, sure enough, was the French artist's signature.

"What have you got to say now?" he asked in triumph.

A curious light passed through the dealer's eyes as he stared at the canvas, but he made no other sign that Monsieur Leir's astuteness had suddenly flashed across him.

"Nothing," he replied.

With meekness he paid duty on the estimated value of an original Watteau, and a very heavy fine into the bargain for his attempt to defraud the Customs. He took the picture away. But when he reached home that night he kissed his wife on both cheeks with unusual warmth.

"Your father's still the smartest dealer in Europe, Rachel," he said. But when she asked for some explanation of his words, he merely shook his head and smiled.

In New York the newspapers learn everthing, and perhaps it was not strange that within four-and twenty hours of these events, an important journal had an amusing account of how Rudolf Kühn, the well-known dealer, had been foiled in his attempt to pass through the Customs, as a copy by some obscure painter, a very perfect example of the art of Watteau. It was a triumph for the officials, and the newspaper gibed freely because they had got the better of a wily Hebrew. Now Rudolph Kühn had a client who chose to spend much of his vast wealth in the acquisition of Old Masters; and no sooner had he read these entertaining paragraphs than he hurried to the dealer's shop. When he saw the picture he burst out laughing.

"I like your darned impudence, trying to pass that off as a copy."

"I showed them the receipt," smiled Rudolph, with a deprecating shrug of the shoulders. "I propose to sell it as a copy. It was sold to my representative in Paris as such."

The millionaire looked at the dealer and chuckled. "Well, Uncle Sam's Customs are good enough guarantee for me. I'll give you fifty thousand dollars for it."

"I'll take sixty," answered the other, quietly.

"Not bad for a copy," smiled the buyer. "I'll have it at that."

He carried the picture off, and with it the various documents which the Customs House had delivered to Rudolf Kühn in proof that he had paid both duty and fine. In face of these it would have been a sceptic indeed who doubted the authenticity of so delightful a work.

. . . . . .

Some weeks later Monsieur Leir again knocked at Charlie Bartle's door. He advanced into the middle of the studio, and without a word counted out fifty English bank-notes of a hundred pounds each.

"What the dickens are you doing?" cried Bartle, who thought he had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

"Five thousand pounds," said the old man. "I thought you'd like to see the money actually before you, so I changed it into these notes."

"What do you mean?"

"It's your share of the profit on the sale of your pictures, and you may marry your Rosie whenever you choose."

Bartle stared at Monsieur Leir, helplessly. He thought it must be some heartless jest, but the old man's eyes gleamed with their usual kindliness. He rubbed his hands joyfully as he gloated over the painter's utter consternation. At last he vouchsafed to explain. Bartle understood vaguely that a Californian millionaire had bought his picture, all his pictures, and this money was the result. He wanted to write to this amiable and discerning patron, but Monsieur Leir hastily told him that was impossible. The Californian had bought the pictures and taken them away without leaving his address. Monsieur Leir assured him that the American millionaires were notoriously eccentric. Bartle drew a long breath and looked at the pile of notes.

"Take them to the bank, my boy," said the old dealer, enchanted with the young man's pleasure, "and send a wire to a certain lady."

He made the notes into a bundle, and put them in Bartle's pocket, and led him out of the house. The painter walked as though he were in a dream. But when Monsieur Leir had seen the young man safely on his way to the bank, he went to his own apartment. He took out Charlie's pictures which had remained in the safe obscurity of a well-locked cupboard. One by one he ripped them off their stretchers, and one by one he put them in the fire. He laughed as he saw them crackle in the flames. Then he took a hatchet and cut up the stretchers neatly.

"Here is some excellent firewood," he chuckled, as he gave the bundle to his maid.

He rubbed his hands when he thought that thus he saved several coppers. It had slipped his memory completely that he had just made his friend a present of five thousand pounds.

Somerset Maugham.

"Au Revoir" Till Next Christmas

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Seymour Hicks in "Bluebell" at the Aldwych Theatre

Bluebell, that modest little flower, looks like blossoming into a hardy annual. The piece was revived this year at the opening of the new Aldwych Theatre, and now there is a talk of putting it on next Christmas for the third year in succession. The playgoer's Christmas will be incomplete without *Peter Pan* and *Bluebell*

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Hunting in Kent

In our illustration on this page, the West Kent Hounds are shown at a meet at Birling Manor, near Maidstone, the residence of the Hon. Ralph Nevill, the brother of the Marquis of Abergavenny and one of the oldest supporters of the Hunt. The Nevills have always been good friends to fox-hunting in the county, and for half a century the family's name has never been missing from the list of Masters. Lord George Nevill hunted the Eridge from 1880 to 1887, and, later on, was Master of the West Kent for five seasons, while the present leader of the Eridge Hunt is Lord Henry Nevill, who has hunted the pack from Eridge Castle for thirteen seasons. One might go so far as to describe the Hon. Ralph Nevill as the father of the West Kent Foxhounds, for it was as far back as 1861 that he first became officially associated with them. For thirty seasons he hunted the pack, and never has the country known a more popular or more capable ruler. Consisting chiefly of pasture, the West Kent is a pleasant country for the most part, though here and there shooting tenants are not quite so friendly disposed towards the Hunt as they might be, and foxes are rather scarce in the northern portion. The best part of West Kent is that which is usually called the Penshurst country, extending from Sevenoaks to the southern boundary. Here foxes are plentiful enough, and hounds rarely visit the neighbourhood of Penshurst without showing good sport. Mr. W. Gore Lambarde is the present Master of the pack, and all things have progressed smoothly under his guidance.

A Pleasant Fox-Hunting Country

Attractively situated on the borders of Leicestershire and Warwickshire, the Atherstone country has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best fox-hunting countries in the kingdom. Even as far back as the days of the famous Squire Osbaldeston this good name belonged to the pleasant district around Nuneaton and Rugby, and the construction of railroads and other modern influences have not robbed the country of its attractiveness from the hunting standpoint, although the colliery works in one corner are not exactly helpful to sport. Plenty of plough as well as pasture is covered by the followers of the Atherstone, but there is a decided preponderance of grass, which carries as good a scent as any Midland vale. This fact, combined with the satisfactory way in which foxes are preserved, has stood the country in good stead on those occasions when its Mastership has fallen vacant. The Atherstone, indeed, have never had to wait long for a new leader, and perhaps that great sportsman, the late Colonel Anstruther Thomson, paid the country the best compliment it has ever received by holding the leadership for three separate terms. I think it is to Mr. W. E. Oakeley's great care and skill in hound-breeding, assisted by popular old George Castleman, that the present excellence of the hounds is due. He began the good work, and Mr. Gerald Hardy continued it with such success that when he gave up the Mastership three years ago, the hounds were valued at 3,500 guineas, and at that sum they were sold to a committee of sportsmen interested in the country, including the present Master, Mr. J. C. Munro.

A. W. C.

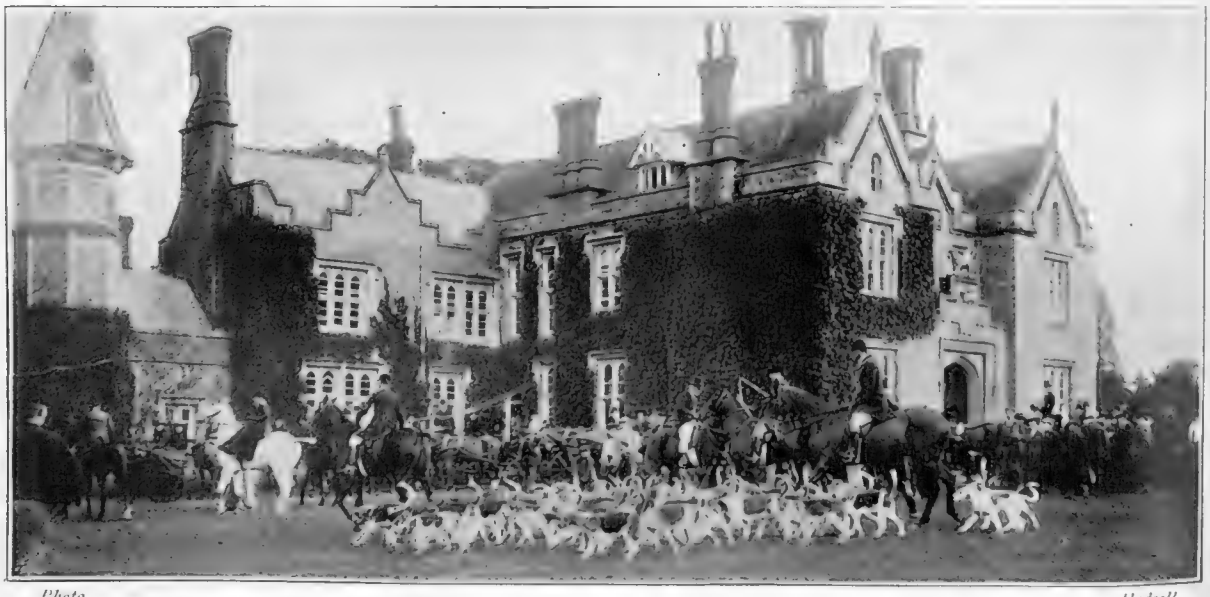


Photo *Hodsoll*

Meet of the West Kent Foxhounds at Birling Manor, near Maidstone

The residence of the Hon. Ralph Nevill, who was Master of the pack for many years

The Atherstone Hunt

The Atherstone Foxhounds at Wiggington

A chat with the Master, Mr. J. C. Munro, who has more than maintained the high reputation of the pack

The Atherstone Hunt: George Whitemore

Who has carried the horn with the pack for several seasons, and is one of the most capable of huntsmen in the Midland district

Salmon in the Thames (?)

"Can we have salmon in the Thames? If not,
why not? and when found make a note of."

—*Captain Bunsby—His Diary.*

The oratorical utterances of Charles Dickens's barge hero really represent the situation. "If not, why not?" There are a great many "why nots." First and foremost is the fact that the Thames at London Bridge is forty or fifty miles from the sea. In the old days, the Thames was not the great sea highway it is now. It was not the outlet of the sewers, which choked the unfortunate passengers on the *Princess Alice* on that awful night of the disaster. It has been cleansed to a measure, but it is still a long way from the sea.

Now salmon are funny fish to deal with. They do not like dirty water. They prefer a cold rush from hill and moorland.

Enthusiasts and Salmon Culture

Here is the rub. All the enthusiasts (and I am one amongst them) believe in salmon culture. They believe that salmon return to the river in which they were born and passed the early days of their lives "But," and there must be a strong accent on the "but," this depends on circumstances. Take the best of our salmon rivers. The journey from the sea to their summer and winter quarters is nothing. Run them up and down the coasts. Let us start with that clear chalk stream, the Avon. The beautiful silver sided fish therefrom costs more to the buyer than any other salmon bred. Run up to the Tees, the Wear, the Tyne, the Coquet (beloved of *salmo ferox*), the Tweed, the Spey, the Dee, and the Don; all these are literally in touch with the sea. But take the Thames, with its fifty miles of outlet reeking with the sewage of six millions of inhabitants. *Mr. Salmo Salar*, pure and simple, does not like the flavour. So the Bishop of London does not get his three hundred a year for the salmon fisheries rents, nor is it any longer necessary to put a clause in the leases of the houses in Blackfriars Road, that the occupants shall not interfere with the salmon in the brooks behind their houses, the said brooks being tributaries of the Thames.

A 35 lb. "Huchen" or Danube Salmon

Those who have the interest of the Thames at heart have recently stocked it with Huchen, an experiment of which great things are expected

An Angler's Dream

It has long been a dream—and a meritorious dream too—that fish of the salmon tribe could be established in the Thames, and that anglers, in the higher reaches, could spring the rod with its tempting multi-coloured fly and land a nice salmon. I am, unfortunately, one of those who fear that this dream is doomed to disappointment. The Severn has a long wash from the sea, but it has no impediments, and the onrushing currents, rising 50 ft. at Chepstow, send the fish up the Wye and the Usk at Newport; while the Severn salmon are never checked until they get to Tewkesbury, the first weir of any strength to deal with.

Experimenting with Huchen

The latest effort of the worthy piscicultural band, who have the interest of the Thames at heart, is comprised in the importation of the Danubian salmon. The *Salmo-Hucho*, or Huchen salmon, like some of the tribe of land-locked salmon, does not go to sea, has been thought suitable to experiment upon in the Thames. A large number of these have, therefore, been turned into the river to take their fate. Now, the Huchen, the Danube salmon, which does not go to sea, may be of use to the Thames. But it is quite a question whether he will prefer the lock-to-lock Thames to the freedom of the sprawling, marsh-swamping Danube. The fish are splendid creatures, and well worth catching. They run to sixty pounds in weight.

In colour the upper half is in hue equal to burnished copper, with a white belly. If we can only get them to take some of the beautiful piscatorial building sites (with pike-proof fences), all may be well.

H. A.

A Keen Fisherman

Photo *Russell and Son*

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon

An all-round sportsman and very keen fisherman. A portrait of Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, appears as the frontispiece of this number

Golf Notes and Notions

The Jubilee of the Pau Golf Club

In March will be celebrated the jubilee of the Pau Golf Club, the pioneers of the game on the Continent. The club is the oldest golf club, except the Calcutta Golf Club, outside the United Kingdom, and has a world-wide reputation for possessing one of the finest inland courses to be found anywhere. I have an impression that an uncle of Mr. Horace Hutchinson was one of the leading spirits in the foundation of the club in 1856. He was, no doubt, assisted by a band of those same ardent spirits who kept the sacred lamp burning at Blackheath, and who subsequently spread the light at Wimbledon, Westward Ho, and Hoylake. Be that as it may, the Continental golfer of to-day owes a deep debt of gratitude to those pioneers, for though the early seed sown at Pau only produced a fine local plant and did not spread at the time any further, still there can be no doubt that such a healthy growth as took place at Pau was of immense assistance to those later planters in the various places on the Continent where golf now flourishes.

* * *

Pau in the 'Fifties

The year 1856 strikes the modern golfer as a very ancient date. At that time, Napoleon III. was at the zenith of his power and influence. The Crimean War had just been waged, and the Treaty of Paris had been signed. The horrors of the Indian Mutiny were still in the future, and the Titanic conflict of 1870, which was to shake the Second Empire to atoms, was not yet upon the loom of the three grim spinning sisters of fate. The crinoline was rampant, and the lady golfer, possibly because of that hideous and ungainly article of attire, unknown in the land. What were the impressions of the Pau natives when this strange game was first introduced to their notice? I would give a good deal to know. I suppose they put it down as another eccentricity of that mad race of Englishmen, so difficult to understand, and passed on their way with a polite shrug. But the Pau "gamin" soon found that there was money, if not method, in this madness, and took very kindly to the profession of caddying.

* * *

Its Attractions To-day

The Municipality of Pau also noted that the game spelt prosperity to their town, and helped to swell the total of visitors attracted to their city by the mildness of the climate in winter, the delights of hunting, and the joys of a good English club. The Golf Club has therefore never lacked local support, and has never once looked back since its start, although it will be busy in looking back over a period of fifty years when the great celebrations take place next month. I can conceive no more delightful winter trip for a golfer than a visit to Pau. He will find excellent hotels, charming and gay society, and a most admirable and comfortable club, where the cooking and the baccarat are famous and mutually useful. A short ride on a bicycle will take him down to the links, which are situated on the "Plaine de Biltiere," and here he will find a cosy club-house where his inner man will be amply taken care of during those meals sacred to golfers, lunch and tea. Apart from the golf, Pau has many interesting features, such as the famous château of Henri IV., where the visitor can see the cradle in which that great King was rocked, not to speak of the noble Pyrenees, an endless pleasure to the lover of mountain scenery, and a guardian fortress against our enemy the wind. Take my advice, gentle reader, leave this land of mud and cold and hasten to Pau. I only wish I could take my own advice and go too.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

"WHAT'S THAT?"

A photographic study in doggy expression. (Taken by the Photo Press)

Shire Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall

Judging Class I.—Stallions, one year old: First prize, "Ratcliffe Conquering King"

Lord Rothschild's "Childwick Champion"
First prize, three-year-old stallion

Shire Stallion: "Raydon Duke"
First prize, Class V.

Judging Class II.—Two-year-old-Stallions: First prize, "Tatton Dray King"

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"The Nile Quest." By Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. (Alston Rivers: 7s. 6d. net.)

"Towards the Heights." By Charles Wagner. (Fisher Unwin: 2s. cloth; 1s. paper.)

"Here and There." Memories. By H. G. Keene. (Brown, Langham and Co., Ltd.: 10s. 6d. net.)

Fiction

"For Life and After." By George R. Sims. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

"Sea Spray." By Frank T. Bullen. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

"Richard Raynal, Solitary." By Robert Hugh Benson. (Pitman: 3s. 6d.)

The Story of the Nile

In giving us *The Nile Quest*, the story of Nile exploration from the days of the early "Simian" invader from India — the ancestors of the pygmies of to-day—to the days of Stanley, Emin, Lugard, and Donaldson Smith, Sir Harry Johnston has performed a colossal task. The principal reflection, however, that occurs to me after reading the book is that the Nile was a dull, prosaic old stream until taken in hand by the moderns. Until he gets to our own times — Bonaparte began the modern "quest" — Sir Harry is little more than the mere scientist. However plausible their efforts, our worthy ancestors in their Nile achievements seem to have missed all opportunities for being interesting, and the result is that the early chapters of Sir Harry's book are somewhat severe and heavy. His story of latter-day explorations is, however, full of interest. It is, for instance, curious to be reminded of the fact that Khartum, between 1840 and 1860, was very much more in touch with "civilisation" than it is to-day, despite Kitchener's great accomplishment:

Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

Who has just published *The Nile Quest* (Alston Rivers), being the story of the exploration of the African river from the earliest days up to date

> Life in Khartum between 1850 and 1860 was by no means devoid of attractions. Several of the Europeans who made it their headquarters brought out their wives with them. Others were married to handsome Abyssinian women. The houses of Egyptian style were comfortable and cool. The place swarmed with strange new beasts and birds; indeed, nearly every house included a menagerie in one of its yards. . . . "There ain't no Ten Commandments" might with some justice have been said of society at Khartum.

* * *

A Female Gordon

The other episode of human and romantic interest which chiefly impresses itself on my mind is the story of the wondrous venture of Miss Alexandrine Tinne in 1863 from Khartum into the Bahr-al-Ghazal—the object, it will be remembered, of Colonel Marchand's futile quest. Here, in history, we have the replica of Sir Conan Doyle's "Tragedy of the Korosko." Miss Tinne, a courageous Englishwoman, described as—

> Young and beautiful, remarkably accomplished, a daring horsewoman, a charming Diana, mistress of many tongues, including Arabic, and generous to a fault,

took with her a caravan, with a legion of male and female servants, into the interior. It was rumoured that she was a wonderful princess, and that her train was bearing treasure in coin. Thanks to the treachery of her guides, the mission was attacked by Tawaregs, and here is Sir Harry's description of the death of this veritable female Gordon:—

> Miss Tinne, hearing the continued clamour, came out of her tent to inquire its meaning. She held up her right hand to command attention. Suddenly there was a cry of "Strike," and a Tawareg made a cut at her with a sabre, which severed her right hand almost entirely through the wrist, so that it hung only by tendons of skin. The poor girl endeavoured to replace it in position, and staggered back to her tent, where she sat on a box. . . . Another Tawareg struck Miss Tinne with a sabre on the nape of the neck, which cut through the foulard enveloping her head, and severed the long plait of her hair, but did not cut through the spine. She fell forward to the ground, stunned. Two men then tore off most of her clothing, and, seizing her by the heels, dragged her out of the tent to a spot a few yards away, where they left her lying on the sand in the blazing sunshine. . . . Here she was left from eight o'clock in the morning to three o'clock in the afternoon, when death at last ended her sufferings.

* * *

A Tedious Tale by "Anon."

That a novel should be anonymous has long been taken to mean that it will be also sensational or a trifle *risqué*. It is, therefore, with some pain that one discovers, after eagerly picking up such a volume, that it is neither. I am referring to *A Time of Terror*, a black-bound book, with a red circle, in the centre of which is stamped "the sign of the spider," which by no means bears out the brilliant reputation gained by Messrs. Greening's anonymous authors. "A Time of Terror" this book certainly is for the reader, for the story—that of the revenge upon Society, A.D. 1910, of an Irish secret body, one of whose members had been imprisoned for "life" in the 'eighties—is written with

an exceeding heavy hand. The material deserves better treatment. From such titles as "The Strange Outbreak at Queen's Hall," "The Mania that Laid Hold of London," "Aldwych Asks a Question," "The Capture of the Judges," "The Naval Battle of Plymouth," etc., etc., one can see at once the dire and diabolical drift of the plot. Certainly, an author dealing in fiery "futures" ought not to be wearisome. We don't so much mind looking forward to a sanguinary future, but the last sensation we expect from our Jeremiah is boredom.

* * *

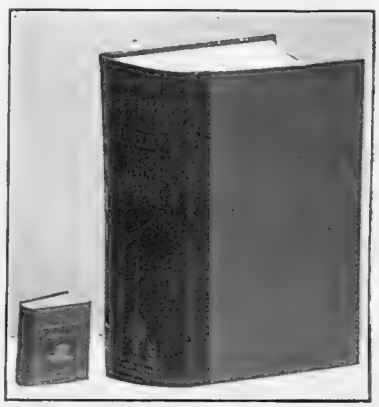
"For Life and After"

One thinks so much of Mr. George R. Sims as a journalist, a merry quipster, a restorer of hairs to the head and of wrongly imprisoned convicts to liberty, and in other distinguished rôles, that one is apt to overlook the fact that he consents, too, to write books. In *For Life and After* (Chatto and Windus), his latest, Mr. George R. Sims (I wonder what awful meaning would happen if the letter omitted that "R."?) has chosen a popular theme: that of the innocent woman sent to penal servitude. With all the snap of the experienced melodramatist, he unfolds the romance of "Marion Dyson, otherwise Grey, charged with the wilful murder of John Dyson," her heartrending penal experiences, her release with wealth and command, finally to be separated from the husband she loves and the daughter she adores. The characters in the fiction, Mr. Sims assures us, have their counterpart in fact. The story strongly illustrates the peril of conviction on circumstantial evidence, and will cause the reader to recall a celebrated case on which, after a lapse of many years, public opinion is still sharply divided.

* * *

Extremes in Cookery Books

At about the same time as I received "Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management"—referred to in these columns a week or two ago—there came into my hands the *Handbook of Practical Cookery*, by Matilda Lees Dods (Eyre and Spottiswoode). This is about the tiniest publication I have yet seen, measuring little more than two inches square, and going into one's waistcoat pocket. In a photograph on this page, our snapshotter has hit off the proportionate sizes of the "handbook" and its vastly bigger sister, Mrs. Beeton. V. C.



The extremes of the cookery book!

Mrs. Beeton's huge work photographed side by side with the tiny *Handbook of Practical Cookery*, by Matilda Lees Dods, which has just appeared. The smaller work is 2¼ in. deep by 2 in. across, and goes into the waistcoat pocket

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. George R. Sims

"Dagonet" has just published *For Life and After*, a story of penal servitude (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

Mr. Hewlett and a Hint

Following the movement of the time, Mr. Maurice Hewlett is bringing out a play at the Court Theatre. It is a thing the modern novelist feels bound by some mysterious public obligation to do. Besides, it pays so enormously if one succeeds. One of Mr. Hewlett's plays, it is true, is only a version of his "Pan and the Young Shepherd," which he published some eight years ago. But one must make a beginning. And the other, *The Youngest of the Angels*, seems to be a new thing. Perhaps one day an idea I have for some time cherished may be given dramatic shape by him. Writing last year to Mr. Bernard Shaw, I suggested that he should write a play round the matrimonial adventures of Henry the Eighth, placing them in a modern psychological light. He replied that he knew Mr. Hewlett to be working on the subject, and that I might suggest it to him. This I did not do. But if he finds his feet at all on the stage, perhaps he may consider the suggestion. I should like to see Mr. G. P. Huntley as Henry. He is built for the part. Only he would have to be serious, and I don't know whether the public would permit that.

Edwardes Square

There seems to be some disposition to rediscover Edwardes Square, Kensington. I see it noted that "Reflections of a Householder," which has been so favourably reviewed, was written by Mr. E Lacon Watson at his house in that delightful haven of rest to the south of the High Street: the house which was occupied by Leigh Hunt while he was writing "The Old Court Suburb," which every Kensingtonian ought to have read. Perhaps it will come to be remembered some day in connection with the name of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who lived in a quaint little house in Edwardes Square for a year or two after his marriage, when his name was not standing so high as it now is: about three years ago, I suppose, he left it to become a constituent of the Rt. Hon. John Burns, M.P. I remember the house well, with its garden of old trees and its general air of Georgian peace. I remember, too, the splendid flaming frescoes, done in vivid crayons, of

knights and heroes and divinities, with which "G. K. C." embellished the outside wall at the back, beneath a sheltering portico. I have often wondered whether the landlord charged for them as dilapidations at the end of the tenancy.

The Impending Doom

But if Edwardes Square is to be rediscovered, it will have to be soon; for the eye of the modern builder has long been fixed greedily upon it. And no wonder; for these little houses are now quite a century old, and, moreover, the tree-embowered Square itself is said to be the largest in London—such a waste of space! Probably flats will fly up over its whole expanse in a few years. Lovers of the quaint corners of London history will grieve for it: for the tale of the planning of Edwardes Square, as given by Leigh Hunt in his book, is a curious one. It seems that in 1804, when Bonaparte's host for the invasion of England lined all the Channel shore of France, waiting for the chance to cross that England's Navy never gave them, an enthusiastic Frenchman of property sent over to London, bought the land, and had Edwardes Square built to plans of his own. He meant it to serve as private quarters for the officers of the French army during the permanent occupation of London. He knew they would want small, cheap houses, and he knew his countrymen's taste for generous promenading space; so Edwardes Square was made a kind of understudy to the Palais Royal. So acute a speculation deserved to "come off." Only Nelson prevented it.

More About Troy

It is a healthy life that Mr. Quiller-Couch leads in his house on the Cornish coast; but to judge from the amount we are getting, or about to get, from his pen, the rest-cure must be yawning for him. There is a new novel of his announced by Messrs. Methuen, "The Mayor of Troy." The preparations of the Trojans to deal with the threatened invasion of Napoleon in 1804 are a leading feature of the story, they tell me. This adds interest to a piece of work which would have been sure of welcome for the sake of that delightful farce, "Troy Town," than which I know few books funnier and none more original. It was "Q's" second book, I think, and this will be his twenty-second or thereabouts. There is talk, by the way, of "Troy Town" being re-issued in an illustrated form. I do hope justice will be done to that subtle personality, the poet Moggridge.

"Q" in Spate

But there is also a volume of verses and literary *causeries* by "Q" to appear soon from the Arrowsmith house, and to be called "A Cornish Window." And there is a school history of English literature being planned behind that window. And "Sir John Constantine" is running in one magazine, and "Poison Island" in another. "Poison Island"! What a title! The title of the season, I think. "Dead Man's Rock" was a cheap title, though the book was not so by any means. But "Poison Island"! Shade of Louis Stevenson! And Mr. Couch is writing short stories, too: there was one in the *Tribune* the other day. Also he sits on the Education Committee of the Cornish C.C. Decidedly he works his gifts very hard, and it is wonderful how the best of them, his rich imaginative power, keeps up its average.

Photo *Bassano*

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston

Whose book, *The Gambler*, has been greatly discussed in the Press

"The Gambler" and Her Winnings

All the critics have said what they think about Mrs. Thurston's "The Gambler," and the public have paid their opinions the attention they usually do when a favourite is in question. It looks as if Mrs. Thurston's experiment in gambling mania would run her experiment in drug-taking quite close. Twenty-five thousand copies went off on publication, and Messrs. Hutchinson have put out another ten thousand, and are preparing more. I suppose nobody would deny that the author's success depends more upon sensationalism of subject than anything else; but too little note is taken of the exceedingly high qualities of observation and character-study that she possesses. With a little more responsibility in her choice of central motive, Mrs. Thurston would be in a fair way to become a great novelist.

ECB

What they Wrote

A correspondent vouches for the truth of the following:—

A servant girl, in the employ of a young couple of literary persuasion, was attending the weekly Bible-class at the local Lady Bountiful's.

"I trust, Sarah Smith," said the good lady, who was somewhat given to pomposity, "that you are giving satisfaction in your new situation?"

"Oh, yes, m'lady, I think so."

"Your new employers are Christian people, I trust, and attend a place of worship?"

"Well, no, m'lady, they spend a quiet Sunday writing. Master's the same as mistress, m'lady; they're both authors."

"Authors? That is interesting. Do you know the names of any books they have written?"

"Oh, yes, m'lady; master writes for the *Razzle Dazzler*, and mistress writes the 'Swagger Novelettes'—simply lovely!"

[*Tableau!*

To-day's Irish Drawing Room

Photo *Lafayette*

Master Robert Arnott, one of Lady Aberdeen's pages

The first Drawing Room which the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is holding in Dublin to-day (Wednesday) promises to be a very brilliant affair, and the rumour at one time current that the State entertainments at the Castle were to be boycotted by the Unionist peers has had no foundation in fact. The pages this year are Lord Killeen, the elder son of the Earl of Fingall, now nine years old, and Master Robert Arnott, the nine-year-old son of Sir John Arnott. An interesting feature of the latter appointment lies in the fact that the little page's elder twin sisters are to be presented at the Drawing Room. Until Lord Dudley's time it was the duty of the Lord-Lieutenant to salute each *débutante* with a kiss on either cheek.

THE PLAYHOUSES

Duke of York's Theatre

Marie Tempest is in town again. A welcome to her merry arch expression and her adorable tip-tilted nose. She and not the play is the thing. For *All-of-a-Sudden Peggy* is not of sufficiently heavy material to stand the wear and tear of three acts. All the time one of the strongest comedy companies in London is engaged in trying to cover the bare spots in Mr. Ernest Denny's piece. There is Mr. Gerald du Maurier in constant attendance upon the whirlwind of a Peggy, but the situations give him no help—it appears to be horse-and-collar work; and Mr. Eric Lewis, who runs up and down his staircase in Whitehall (as do all the characters whenever the author has come to a dead stop in the development of his play); and Mr. Alfred Bishop, who makes as much as is humanly possible out of the meddling Major Arthur Phipps; and Miss Kate Sergeantson, looking a dream as Lady Crackenthorpe and acting the outraged feelings of that majestic dame with fine conviction; and Miss Ethel Matthews, who enters upon a room full of people and talks to them all without troubling to pause for their replies or even for breath. An excellent "bit" is this rôle.

Mr. Denny is, indeed, well served by his players, and the next time he will provide them with something very much better, for he has a knack of characterisation and writes amusingly.

Photo *Hutchinson and Svendsen*

Miss Ethel Matthews

Who plays an amusing rôle, "The Hon. Mrs. Colquhoun," in *All-of-a-Sudden Peggy*, at the Duke of York's Theatre

Criterion Theatre

The substitution of a variety turn for a one-act play as the "first piece" of an evening bill is a sign of the times, the significance of which has not been properly recognised. Upon the "curtain-raiser" the budding playwright had a chance of trying his 'prentice hand. He tried it in such wise that the "curtain-raiser" became a form of entertainment which patrons of the reserved seats made a point of missing. The manager thereupon put on any curtain-raiser, with any cast, with the result that even the pit and gallery patrons began, like the proverbial worm, to turn. It is bad policy to reduce half the audience to a state of melancholy too profound for the wittiest comedy to dispel. So there came a great change. Established playwrights and novelists of renown went into the curtain-raising business, and actor-managers and their leading ladies appeared in the productions. But it is difficult to keep to this high standard, so managers welcomed the idea of engaging vaudeville performers to amuse the house until the curtain rose on the piece of the evening. It is better to laugh at the clever patter of a variety artist than to sigh at the desperate attempts of a novice to clothe his dialogue with drama. So, however sad the conditions which led to the institution, the vaudeville turn has come to stay as a curtain-raiser. At the Criterion Theatre, Mr. Harold Montague and his "Vagabonds" occupy the boards, and keep the house in the best of tempers before the curtain rises on *The Little Stranger*. Mr. Montague and his company sing well, and have a neat touch in burlesque. Their opera, translated from several languages, including Spanish, Italian, French, German, Brixton, and Billingsgate, should not be missed.

The Poor Drama

Mr. Haldane McFall has been telling us in the columns of the *Daily Mail* what (he considers) is the matter with the theatre. When I read his attractive title, I hoped that at last a wise man had arisen to minister to the sick drama. Alas! Mr. McFall has told us little that we did not know before, though we owe him a debt of gratitude for the charming style in which he states his case. He finds that the danger from without lies in the puritanical bias against the theatre. This is strange hearing. Can it be that Mr. McFall went into the question very thoroughly twenty years ago, and has published his impressions without troubling to bring them up to date? Puritanism forsooth. The drama has many ailments, but it has long since ceased to suffer from puritanism. Two dangers to the theatre from within he finds, the lack of schooling for the actor and the difficulty experienced by the playwright in getting his plays produced. Here Mr. McFall is on the safe ground which has been beaten flat by a vast army of scribes.

Passing to the diagnosis, McFall is more inspiring than helpful. Thus, it is pleasant to be told that art is an absolute hunger of every intelligent being, and that it is the birthright of every man to live a poem. But it is difficult to see how these splendid sentiments enable us to get any forrarder with the matter in hand, unless Mr. McFall imagines that the drama will satisfy a man's soul-hunger. "It rests with the people of the theatre to usurp a splendid throne. How can it be done?" This final sentence to Mr. McFall's second article whets our curiosity in true *feuilleton* style. And when the morrow comes we

learn that the remedy is our old friend, the national theatre. Mr. McFall would have the playwrights, the leading actors, the managers, and the stage-managers, form themselves into a body and administer the realm of the theatre as a dignified profession. "At once (he continues) we should have a faculty of players—elected, say, as the King's players." It is very rude to say *O, la la*, to a man who is earnest upon his subject, but really Mr. McFall lays himself open to this retort of the boulevards.

Adelphi Theatre

To the Adelphi again to see Mr. Otho Stuart's admirable production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The Adelphi management is now fairly established in popular favour, and it is quite edifying to see the pit and gallery queues when Shakespeare is put up. Next production, *Measure for Measure*, Tuesday, March 20. E. C. S.

Palace Theatre

Had one not seen the other Spanish dancers that have appeared recently at the Palace, one might have been quite satisfied with the attempt on the part of Estellita to amuse us. As it is, one is rather disappointed.

The skit, *The Would-be Actor*, is a very clever little sketch, and quite deserves the hearty reception that has accorded it. The three artists in the cast may be congratulated on the success that they have achieved in this little piece.

Where Shall We Go To-night?

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

Drury Lane, at 1.30 and 7.30: *Cinderella.* — Still drawing the town.

His Majesty's, at 8: *Nero.*—If you have not seen it you must take a back seat when the theatre is up for discussion.

Haymarket, at 8.30: *The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury.*—Over the 100th night mark.

Garrick, at 8.45: *Brother Officers.*—A capital military play, revised and revived.

Adelphi, at 8.15: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*—Going so well that date of withdrawal postponed to Saturday, March 17.

St. James's, at 8 sharp: *His House in Order.*—Commonly referred to as Pinero's masterpiece. Mr. Alexander is a stickler for punctuality, hence the "sharp."

Wyndham's, at 8.55: *Captain Drew on Leave.*—A comfortable hour to go and see a mildly entertaining play.

New, at 8.15: *The Scarlet Pimpernel.*—Well on to 400th performance.

Criterion, at 9: *The Little Stranger.*—Odds about six to four on its making you laugh.

Court, at 8.15: *The Voysey Inheritance.*—Last nights.

Duke of York's, at 9: *All-of-a-Sudden Peggy.*—Marie Tempest in town again. See above.

New Royalty (Theatre Francais), at 8.15.—Always worth a visit.

Imperial, at 8.15: *Brigadier Gerard.*—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new play.

Musical pieces at Daly's, Apollo, Lyric, Prince of Wales's, Gaiety, and Vaudeville.—Take them in order.

Mr. Harold Montague and his "Vagabonds" at the Criterion Theatre

Games and Pastimes

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

London Caledonians Beat Casuals 2—0 (London Charity Cup)

The principal Soccer game in the London District was the final of the London Charity Cup between the London Caledonians and the Casuals at Tufnell Park. Although the ground was in capital order, it was, on the whole, rather a poor game, particularly in the first half, and both the Caledonians' goals were rather lucky ones. The first was due to the ball being left to Driffield to come out and clear and to his not realising this, with the result that Porter was able to score a soft goal, while the second was scored directly from one of Driffield's kicks-off by Ralston, who volleyed the ball from half way so that it dropped from aloft just clear of the bar and into goal. But the Scotsmen were undoubtedly the better team on the day's play, and their defence was more than a match for the Casuals' attack, which was never properly carried home. They would have deserved their victory even more if one or two of their men had played a fairer game.

The Badminton Championships: Miss Thomson

Who has regained the Singles Championship, which she lost last year to Miss Lucas, and was also first both in the Mixed and Ladies' Doubles Championships

The Badminton Championships

The only fault to be found with the Badminton Championship meeting last week was that there was too much of it, and that many of the best matches were half spoilt owing to several of the people engaged therein being manifestly overworked. In an important meeting of this kind it seems a pity that the good players should be tempted to expend their energies on handicaps, and that the International match with Ireland should not be allowed a day to itself after the tournament is over, instead of being sandwiched in on the third day. The game is such a severe one—especially in the case of Singles—and calls for such extreme quickness of limb and eye, that the slightest suspicion of staleness is apt to prove fatal to a player's chances. This, however, was the only drawback to a most successful meeting, which was rendered memorable by the fact that four out of the six Championships changed hands. Miss Thomson and Miss Lucas met (as was the case last year) in the first round of the Ladies' Singles, and this match, played on the morning of the second day, was, to all intents and purposes, the final. Miss Thomson had not, up to then, been playing specially well, and was not selected for the International team, but on this occasion she was better than Miss Lucas at all points, and decisively reversed last year's result. She then beat Miss D. K. Douglass, and had a walk-over from Miss M. E. Brown in the final. The other Singles' holder, H. N. Marrett, also "went down" on Tuesday morning to N. Wood, after winning the first game quite easily. He was certainly not at his best, his judgment (which is always his weak point) being frequently at fault, and his smashing less accurate than usual. The fact that he had had a gruelling day's play in the Mixed Handicap the day before doubtless had something to do with this. Wood, besides showing quite as much skill as his rival, was his superior both in steadiness and staying power. These attributes stood him in good stead again when he beat G. A. Thomas in the third round, after a terribly severe match in which the loser at one time seemed to have the third game at his mercy. In the final, Wood met and defeated F. Chesterton, undoubtedly the most improved player of the day. Wood was by this time feeling the effects of his previous exertions, and it was lucky for him that Chesterton, after gaining a substantial lead in the second game, displayed rather too much anxiety to make winning strokes, and thereby, to a certain extent, beat himself. The loser has a most taking style, plenty of power, and a marvellously quick eye.

The Mixed Doubles

In the Mixed Doubles, the holders, Marrett and Miss Hogarth, were put out by Thomas and Miss Thomson. Marrett, as in his Single, was not at his best; but Thomas's placing was excellent, and both the ladies were good. Thomas and Miss Thomson then encountered (in the final) Wood and Miss Murray, who, in the previous match, had unexpectedly conquered Massey

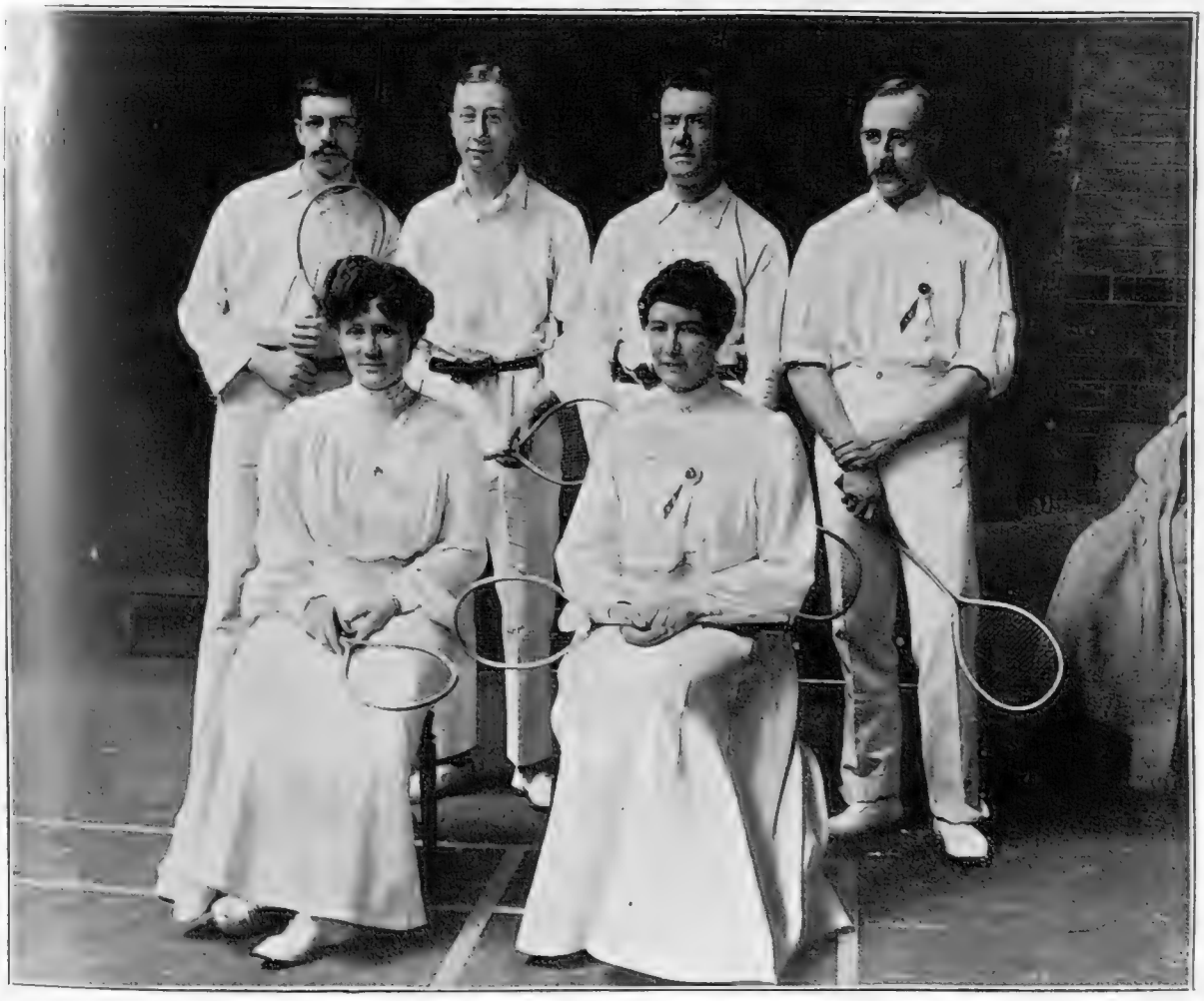
and Miss Lucas. The first game was very close indeed, but in the second, Wood, who had already had more than enough, could not keep going, and Thomas and his partner soon ran out. Just before this, Miss Thomson and Miss Lucas gained their now customary win in the Ladies' Doubles, but Miss Bateman and Miss Hogarth began in great style and made quite an exciting match of it, Miss Bateman's delightfully free and dashing play being, as usual, a pleasure to watch. The other Championship which did not change hands was the Veterans' Doubles, in which G. W. Vidal and C. A. Turner repeated their last year's victory. The Gentlemen's Doubles was played off almost entirely on the last day. The holders, S. M. Massey and C. T. J. Barnes, were beaten, after a good game by Marrett and Thomas, who ultimately won outright, beating Prebble and Wood (who had also beaten Massey and Barnes previously at Richmond) in the final. In this match, Marrett was quite the best of the four, and Prebble was as good as ever, but the other two were not fresh enough to do themselves justice, and the game was not a great one. Several of the best Irish players were unable to come over for the International, which was played off on Friday, and Mr. Cave's victory over Marrett in the Singles was Ireland's only success. On the four days' play, Cave must be reckoned as good as any of the men playing. Besides beating Marrett in the International he only just succumbed to Thomas in the Championship, and he and H. C. Cave were only beaten with difficulty by Marrett and Thomas in the International, and by Prebble and Wood in the Championship Doubles.

H. S. Scrivener.

The Indian Polo Championship

The recent annual Championship Tournament of the Indian Polo Association again attracted but a small entry, only four teams competing at Lucknow, like last year. They were the 1st Royal Dragoons, the 15th Hussars, the 12th Lancers, and the Pilgrims. The latter, a strong and well-mounted scratch team, proved the winners. They were captained by the young Raj Kumar of Cooch Behar, and included Dokhul Singh of Jodhpur, whose play created quite a sensation in London in 1897, Shah Mirza Beg of Hyderabad, the brilliant No. 2 of the Golcondas, and Captain Campbell Ross, A.D.C. to the Viceroy, who showed excellent defence. The Raj Kumar of Cooch Behar, whose father is well known on English polo grounds, was in the Oxford University polo team of 1901, together with Mr. Waldorf Astor and Viscount Helmsley, now Master of the Sinnington Hounds, and M.P. The challenge cup presented by the I.P.A. was given away by Lady Locke Elliott. The tournament was originally organised chiefly in the interests of the Native teams, but as so few of them are now playing polo, there is some talk of discontinuing it.

L. V. L. S.



Badminton Championships

Top Row (*left to right*): G. A. Thomas, H. N. Marrett, A. D. Prebble, N. Wood. Bottom Row (*left to right*): Miss Hogarth, Miss Lucas

H. N. Marrett and G. A. Thomas won the Championship Doubles, beating A. D. Prebble and N. Wood in the final, and the holders, S. M. Massey and C. T. J. Barnes in an earlier round. N. Wood won the Singles Championship, beating, amongst others, H. N. Marrett (the holder) and G. A. Thomas. The last-named, with Miss Thomson, won the Mixed Championship, beating the holders, Marrett and Miss Hogarth, in an early round, and N. Wood and Miss Murray in the final, while Miss Lucas and Miss Thomson proved as invincible as ever in the Ladies' Doubles Championship

Our Letter Box

An Amusing Story from Jamaica

DEAR SIR,—On page 369, BYSTANDER of February 21, you give a picture of Newcastle, Jamaica, and on the opposite page speak of it as a village prepared for tourist invasion, etc. As a matter of fact, the picture merely depicts a military cantonment. The hut on the extreme right was the school and church combined; next to it a two-storied barrack-room, and the open fives court. Below is the parade ground, very hard and stony, and I doubt if Wisden's stock of cricket-balls would be sufficient for an ordinary half-day match if it was played there, for when once a ball has gone over the Khud, to look for it is a waste of time. Below the parade ground are the men's huts. Now that the English troops have been withdrawn from the West Indies, I have no doubt it forms a hill station for the West India Regiment. On the extreme left of the picture is a twin-roofed bungalow, which was used as a canteen, concerning which an amusing episode happened during my residence there. One afternoon, on a company pay-day, a very fat colour-sergeant happened to be passing down the hill outside the canteen when one of the men from inside put his head through the window and shouted in stentorian tones, "Hullo, Big Belly." The head was so quickly withdrawn that the fat colour-sergeant did not recognise the offender, but, being a man of action, he at once went up into the canteen to try and discover the culprit. Every man in the room protested innocence, so he placed all the men under arrest who were sitting at the table nearest the window. I happened to be in the orderly-room next morning when the case came up for disposal, and to hear the evidence given for and against the prisoners was one of the funniest things I have ever had to listen to. So far as I can remember, the men's protestations availed them nothing, and they all got confined to barracks, which no doubt did much to assuage the injured feelings of the fat colour-sergeant.

Yours, ——, Port Royal.

A Protest from Norway

SIR,—As a subscriber to your first-class paper from its start (through my London newsagent), permit me to challenge the accuracy of some of your statements in your last issue—to hand only to-day—*re* my countrymen.

You say, we are honest folks (thanks)—but *ignorant* and *swollen-headed*. As for the latter allegation, I am afraid there may be *something* in *that* charge; but, seeing ours is the only nation on earth *where every man and woman has learned to read and write* and acquired some rudimentary sort of education—in other words, far ahead of *you*—you must do us the justice to retract at least your charge of ignorance.

If you ever should come our way you would find a large percentage of the population able to discuss these things with you—and even higher objects—in both your language and in other leading European tongues

In further reply to your remarks on Norway, permit me to refer you to ancient history, when our kings did you the favour of ruling the Emerald Isle—besides parts of Scotland and adjacent islands—and you will find Norway to be one of the oldest kingdoms in Europe. We had a king before even the ancient kingdom of Prussia was thought of, and before the British nation existed as such.

Thence it came natural to us to *continue* as a kingdom, instead of adopting the more new-fangled form of Republican Government—and I may conclude with the complimentary remark to you: that the good example of Great Britain, governed by a succession of eminent rulers, was not without its effect on our final choice.—I remain, yours respectfully,

FRED. WATTNE.

[It gives me great pleasure to publish this gentle set-back by such a courteous correspondent. But I question Mr. Wattne's statement that Norway is the only nation on earth where every man and woman has learned to read and write. As a rate-payer, I was under the impression that Great Britain enjoyed the same advantages as Norway does in the matter of compulsory education.—ED.]

Photo] Mr. Crosnier (*Maître d'Armes*) Lord Desborough Mr. Cecil Haig Mr. Egerton Castle (the novelist) M. Krauss [*Photo Press*

Fencing at the Savoy Hotel: Lord Desborough v. Mr. Egerton Castle

One of the most attractive features of Mrs. Egerton Castle's entertainment at the Savoy in aid of the St. Vincent's Home for Destitute Children on February 24 was the fencing display arranged by Mr. Castle. Our photograph shows the latter and Lord Desborough engaged in a modern duelling bout, in which one disabling hit gives the victory

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

I do not believe there is a pleasanter experience than finding the courage of one's opinions justified. It may, perhaps, be recalled that I have, from time to time, in these free-lance columns, proclaimed a firm belief in the superiority of a woman—trained to the work of buyer—over a man in departments specially pertaining to garments for my own sex. At the risk of being accounted a bit of a bore, I have pushed this theory home, and not, believe me, from any silly prejudice, but from a long and very interested observation.

I have marked the steady decline of big establishments governed wholly by manly deference to finance and that beautiful erroneous belief: that you can force a woman to buy anything. We may be malleable, and even weak, in a great many ways, or, at any rate, a certain remnant of primitive sense may induce us to assume that attitude; but where the garbing of our person is concerned, we have remarkably clear, steady intuitions of what we desire and admire, and not all the talented bluffing in the world has the slightest influence with us.

A Smart Dinner Gown

It is frequently marvelled, how so many private modistes contrive to live and have their being in opposition to the great general emporiums that have of late years sprung into such prominence. But the answer is here in a word. It is because the ruling hand is a feminine one. And among the first to recognise this truth has been the moving spirit at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's, who has quite recently reorganised and entirely reconstructed the régime of the mantle and costume departments at Regent Street, placing supreme power in the hands of a woman, a past-mistress in the art of making selection, calculated to please the taste of the real *élégante*; added to which, being an enthusiast, the order throughout is for individual attention and supervision.

We may look, I am persuaded, with every anticipation of delight, to this fresh departure at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's.

Some Exclusive Elegances

There is no creed in the whole modistic world, deserving wider recognition than that it is wiser to

be a little in advance of prevailing modes, rather than a scintillation behind. And this holds equally good with those who have merely a limited allowance to expend. Indeed it is, if anything, more all-important with them, than with their more liberally endowed sisters, who can afford to discard a possession after a few times wearing. Thus, my prologue to a few valuable notions culled under exclusive auspices from the Maison Redfern. Of late they have been more than usually busy here over theatrical dresses, the results most immediately interesting to us being two or three gowns worn in *All-of-a-Sudden Peggy*, at the Duke of York's Theatre.

In particular, I would call attention to the bronze-cloth toilette worn by Miss Florence Wood, the top of the skirt and also the corsage a mass of tiny radiating tucks that lend a most enchanting swirl to the figure. In front, the corsage opens bolero-wise over a little vest, shaped like two corners of a pocket handkerchief, of old tapestry brocade, the design worked round with a gold tinsel thread, softened by two small revers of soft white embroidered lawn and lace, which in their turn are surmounted by an incidental turn-over collar of black satin.

A golfing costume that is a very revelation of clever outline is worn by Miss Beatrice Beckley. This is of tweed in the genuine pickish mauve heather tone, with belt, cuffs, and collar of deep plum colour, relieved by small silver buttons. When the coat—the neatest basqued and banded affair—is doffed, there is revealed a white tucked shirt, ornamented up the front with tiny plum-coloured bows.

Some New Materials

Linen *tussore* is a fascinating fabric, with all the appearance of *tussore* and the stability of linen. For the smart, early-Spring race suit, it appeals ideally, and is particularly interesting and effective in a very pale biscuit or natural hue, ornamented with a superfluity of gold buttons of varying sizes. Buttons, I pause to remind everybody, are omnipotent, small, large, fancy, and plain, of beads and porcelain, and of wood, to be covered with every imaginable material.

Then another delightful stuff is a striped *ninon*, the stripes forming a border that usually works out at the hem of the skirt and round the lower half of the corsage. An exquisite model was arranged throughout in varying shades of cinnamon. For demi-toilette, a *récherché* confection comprised a three-tier or flounced skirt of soft ivory lace, each *volant* outlined by an infinitesimal ruching of chestnut ribbon, a note of colour most artistically repeated in a white and china-blue brocade—the design, a floral one, very large and assertive—that composed the pretty corsage with pretty coat-tails, a little pleated frill of lace outlining the waist.

And just one very important word in the ear of those who worship cut. The big *couturières* are elevating the corselet skirt to an impossible altitude by moulding the front in one wide piece. It is an appallingly talented piece of work, and there is no question as to the exceeding excellence of the result.

A Smart Dinner Gown

This, carried out in a citron harmony, would be lovely, the corsage and under skirt of chiffon velvet, the latter veiled by an upper part of soft spotted net and further enhanced by lines of brown fur, applications of écru lace affording a charming relieving note to the dainty scheme. So that the fur should not feel alone in its glory, the brown note is repeated in the form of velvet *choux*, with falling ends, intermingled with more of the spot net on sleeves and in front of the prettily swathed bodice.

THE MENU: A LENTEN DINNER

Tapioca Cream Soup
Orlys of Oysters
Prawn Curry
Cauliflower au Gratin
Fruit Salad
Cheese Soufflé

Tapioca Cream Soup

Ingredients: ¼ lb. tapioca, three pints milk, two large onions, six cloves, 2 oz. butter, pepper, salt, and quarter pint of cream. Soak the tapioca in one pint of the milk two hours before cooking; have on the other quart of milk boiling with the cloves, onions, butter, pepper, and salt; stir in the tapioca, and cook for half an hour, strain through a sieve, and add the cream. Serve fried croûtons with the soup.

Orlys of Oysters

Blanch some large oysters, press them slightly between two dishes till cold, then slit them open without quite severing them; squeeze a little lemon-juice inside, and fold the oysters together again. Dip them in some frying batter, and fry in hot fat till they are crisp; drain, and pile them up high on paper, and garnish with fried parsley. The sauce to be served with the oysters should be made as follows: Take two tablespoonfuls of chopped mushrooms, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the same quantity of chopped shallots, a head of garlic, a bayleaf, a pinch of spice, salt and pepper. Warm up in fresh butter, moisten with white wine, reduce it, and pass through a sieve. Stir into it a little white thickening, and it is ready to serve.

Prawn Curry

Take 4 oz. of butter, put it into a saucepan, and slice into it two onions. Fry them till brown over a slow fire, then remove the onions into another dish. Have the prawns picked, and rub one and a half tablespoonfuls of curry powder over them, put them into the melted butter, and stew over a slow fire until the fish become a light brown. Add as much good gravy as will cover the prawns, season with a little salt, then stew over a slow fire, and when the gravy has become thick, add a coffee-cupful of cocoanut milk or cream, and the juice of a lemon. Mix the whole together, and serve hot. A dessert-spoonful of sweet chutney is an improvement. Patna rice must be served with the curry.

Fruit Salad

One tin of pineapple, six oranges, a jug of cream. Turn the pineapple out of the tin, and cut into fair-sized pieces, about the size of a walnut, peel and quarter the oranges, and cut the quarters in halves, taking care to save all the juice. Place the pineapple, oranges, and juice in a bowl, with plenty of castor sugar, and when thoroughly mixed, pour over the cream and serve.

Cheese Soufflé

Mix a teaspoonful of flour very smoothly with half a pint of milk, a little salt and pepper; simmer the mixture over the fire, stirring all the time, till it is as thick as melted butter; stir into this about 8 oz. of Parmesan or Gruyère cheese (the latter is best). Turn it into a basin, and mix with the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and just before the soufflé is baked, put them into it, and pour the mixture into a soufflé dish, which should only be half-filled. Time to bake, twenty minutes to half an hour. EMILIA.

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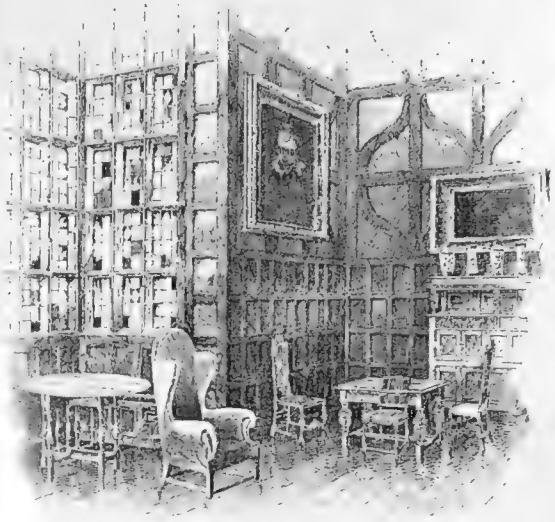

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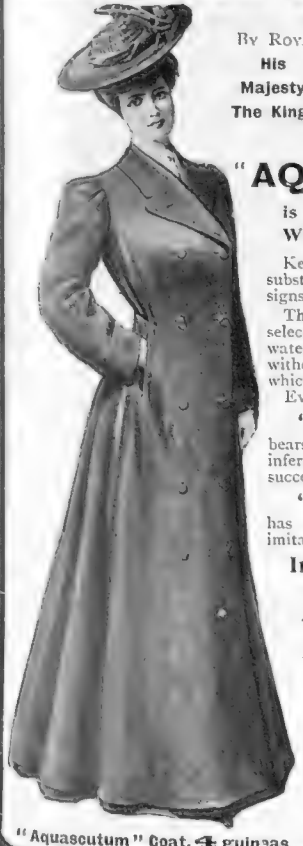

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A Woman's Note Book

If, according to the general assertion, men are too old at forty, it would be interesting to ascertain the public opinion as to when *women* are to be pushed aside as worn out in order to make room for youth with ideas. When are women too old? Girls are grown up while their brothers at the same age are still at public schools or doing their best (very successfully) to spend free-and-easy, idle lives at the Universities. Yet, in spite of the fact that girls grow up sooner, there is no doubt that women remain young longer than men. No one complains of a woman because she is forty; she is not turned away from any of the professions which are open to her with the insinuation that, if her brain is not actually beginning to decay, she is at least hopelessly out of date and must make room for the coming generation. Why is this? I think the explanation lies mainly in the fact that men's habits, ideas, and intelligences generally do really begin to fossilise sooner than women's; this may partly be because they are more knocked about and harassed by business and the world; but at any rate the truth remains that the modern woman is a wonderfully adaptable creature, and does not lose her capacity of assimilation simply because her character is formed.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

"Make much of your horses!"

The cavalry order would appear superfluous to Miss Camille Clifford, of "Gibson Girl" fame, who is shown here, in the Park, offering her horse a lump of sugar without the word of command

The Despised Young Girl

But then, putting aside the social aspect of the question (for, of course, Society gives a girl a good time in her youth), I do not think girls have such a good time as young men. Men have a very short reign in these days, but while they are having it, they are everything and everybody; and it is all the harder for them that they should have to make room so soon for their juniors. Women, on the contrary, are not much thought of until they are nearing thirty; their youth and high spirits are borne with, smiled at, indulged, while these qualities in men are regarded as cleverness. Young girls are tolerated in their homes, patronised in the world, advised, excused, but never taken seriously. And it is not surprising, for, from many points of view, the young girl is not satisfactory; grown up though she may appear, she is constantly changing, and it is disconcerting to find your friend or confidante of last year has gone for ever, for even though the person in her place may be equally nice and attractive, there is the process of getting to know her to be done all over again. Not under twenty-five is the burden of every cry when woman is sought to fill any responsible position. Parents will not entrust their children to her, invalids will not be nursed by her, people will not pay her well, nor expect much of her; she is liked but not respected, until she reaches the use of reason, which never comes in some women at all, but is popularly supposed to be an impossibility before the twenty-sixth year. Middle age, a drawback to a man's career, is, on the contrary, of advantage to anyone who joins the vast army of woman workers; but it is not only as regards a profession that the woman who has passed her first youth finds herself in an advantageous position over her younger sisters.

The Triumph of the Woman of Forty

This leads to the still more interesting question: At what age is a woman at her best? And, if I may be allowed to offer a humble opinion, which has the advantage of being shared by so many thousand others that it is thereby rendered more trustworthy, I should be inclined to select this same despised age of forty, and say that it is the time which is most freely endowed with all the good qualities, graces, and charms of womanhood. A woman has then grown out of the narrow-mindedness and one-sidedness of youth; she has left behind its fickleness, love of excitement, and generally unstable character; her mind is broadened by experience; her opinions are worth something; she has, in all probability, become far less egotistical. I know of no young qualities which she need have lost except that peculiar freshness and unbounded hopefulness which is all youth's own; but she may have easily retained a young vivacity and an optimism which, if it has parted with something of its attraction in audacity, has gained much by being a little more practical. I do not hesitate to say a woman is at her best about forty; but she has a strong proof of it. Youth says so too; it declares it in action; it acknowledges it without knowing it; and this is a great plea, for youth, untrustworthy as it may be in practical affairs, is in its *instinct* always right. The young may be fond of those of their own age, but they do not really honour them; and the boy of seventeen, whose first love is a woman old enough to be his mother, is more foolish *and wiser* than he ever will be.

LADY PHYLLIS.

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British Cars to the Tune of Five Millions

January is a record month as regards home production. For the first time in the history of the industry the output from British factories has been of greater value than imported cars. In actual figures, home production totals £468,000, and foreign imports £317,000. To mark this point in the industry, Mr. S. F. Edge recently gave a dinner at the Grand Hotel. According to the after-dinner speeches, the British motor factories were never in a better position. Nearly every big maker is working full time, and the actual production for the year 1906 is expected to total five millions.

To Abolish the Gear-box

No one likes the gear-box. A makeshift arrangement, it is one part of the car which many would be glad to do wi hout. The latest method of eliminating it has made its appearance in Kent. Messrs. Johnson and Phillips, Limited, of Charlton, Kent, have secured the English agency for a gear-boxless automobile, which is really an improved Pieper car. To get a variable supple supply of power the petrol-motor is used in combination with an electrical dynamo and storage batteries. The usual vertical four-cylinder petrol engine is placed in front under a bonnet. So far, it is like an ordinary car. But when one comes to the clutch, it is different; on this car a species of dynamo is in connection with the clutch. This dynamo will work either as a motor or dynamo; that is, it can either be employed to charge the storage batteries carried under the driving seat or it can take up power from the same batteries and help in propelling the car. The actual source of energy is, of course, the petrol motor, but, as far as possible, the load on the petrol engine is kept constant. Whenever the work of propelling the car is light, the surplus power generated by the engine is passed by the dynamo into the storage batteries. When the load on the engine becomes greater than the normal, then it calls upon the storage batteries and the dynamo works as a motor; the car is then propelled by two forces, namely a petrol engine plus an electrical motor and storage batteries.

Its Advantages

The gains that are claimed for this arrangement are briefly: (1) The total elimination of the gear-box; (2) That a direct drive on every speed is obtained; (3) That the engine can always be started from the seat without any trouble; (4) That the dynamo can be turned into a most effective and power-producing brake. These are real advantages, and if there were no disadvantages, a prosperous career for this type of automobile would seem to be assured. This petrol-electric vehicle is called the Auto-Mixte—a mixture of petrol and electricity. The word mix or mixture in connection with machinery

A Meet of the Quorn at Lowesby, February 23: Lord Lonsdale has just alighted from his motor

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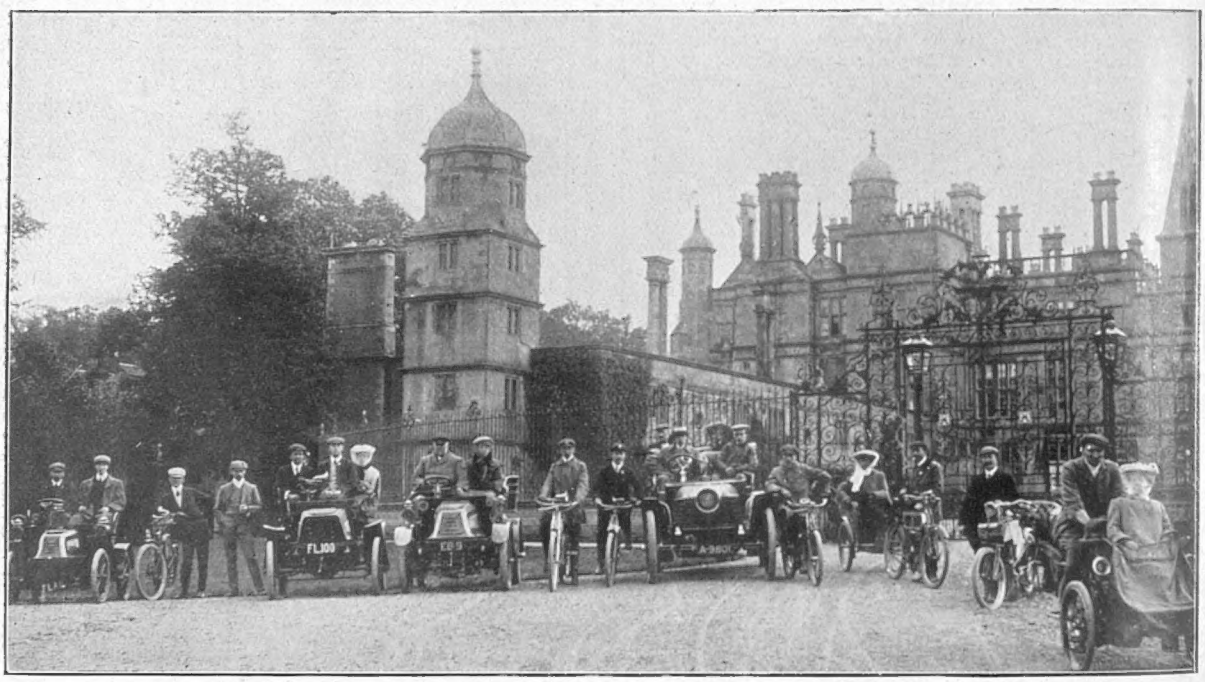
is ominous. To the motorist especially it suggests complications and liability to derangement. This, I believe, will prevent any such system being widely adopted. A gear-box may be noisy on some speeds, the teeth may chip. Sometimes, if the chauffeur is careless enough to forget to put in oil or grease for hundreds of miles, there is a chance of a bearing seizing. But, in practice, it has been found that on a well-designed car the gears give very little trouble, and it is an extremely rare thing for the gear-box to cause a total breakdown. Even if one speed gives way it is usually possible to get home. With this Auto-Mixte hardly the same thing can be said, for if the electrical arrangements were to give out it would be impossible for it to tackle a gradient. In the hands of an unobservant chauffeur, too, should the electrical motor not be doing its fair share, there would be a tendency to overstrain the petrol engine on a hill.

The Puncture Trouble Neutralised

This question of weight and tyres is a point that should be carefully remembered by anyone who proposes to keep a chauffeurless car. Tyre troubles, to put it mildly, are a nuisance, uninteresting and troublesome. There is no motoring moment more trying to the temper than the instant at which one realises that a tyre is in trouble. An insidious puncture that slowly empties the inner tube of air is bad enough; but the gun-like report of a bad burst is worse, for it means that if you drive without a chauffeur, you have, unassisted, to put on a fresh cover. Now, a new stout outer cover is no job for the wayside. It is the kind of task, too, that generally has to be taken on when it is muddy, growing dusk, and one is short of time. To the aid of the chauffeurless motorist has come the inventor. Messrs. Davies Bros., of Llanelly, have put on the market a spare rim. This rim takes the ordinary inner tube



Meet of the Peterborough and Counties Automobile Club at historic Burghley House
Burghley House is the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, who is the Club President

Avoid Complications

There are very few paid drivers who cannot take down and look after an ordinary gear-box, but there are not many who would be able satisfactorily to deal with a breakdown in the electrical arrangements of this mixed auto. Then, too, there is the additional weight. Running expenses largely depend on weight, and avoirdupois is a real factor in the cost of motoring. Any arrangement which adds to the weight of the car is to be deprecated. It means more petrol, less speed, more likelihood of punctures, and last, but not least, an increased tyre bill. The additional weight of these storage batteries and dynamo, over and above the ordinary gear-box, is something appreciable. The wages of your chauffeur will not cost you any more if he has to turn the starting handle and change his speed at the proper time. Carrying an electrical generating plant on the car will inevitably increase expenses, and will tend to add to the number of days your motor is on the sick list.

and outer cover, held in place by the usual wing nuts. Attached to the rim are adjustable fastenings. So that, in the event of a puncture or burst, all that one has to do is to attach this spare rim to the punctured wheel, leaving the pierced or burst cover and tube in their places. The wheel then looks like the driving wheel on a motor-bus; it appears to have two tyres. In this case, one, of course, is soft and doing no work. This arrangement has obvious advantages. Practically, except on a voiturette, you must carry a spare outer cover and at least one inner tube. You may as well carry them fixed in a rim and ready for use. It is a very rare thing for a motorist to get more than one puncture per journey. If he does, it is generally not a puncture, but a rip on the same wheel, due to hurriedly replacing the inner tube. The Stepney spare wheel takes but a minute or two to fix, and it practically ensures that one is never delayed on a journey by tyre troubles.

Alfred C. Hunter.

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The Editor's Box

Adelphi Theatre

The announcement of the last weeks of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Adelphi Theatre has had the effect of so stimulating the booking, that Mr. Otho Stuart has had to postpone the production of *Measure for Measure* until Tuesday, March 20. Saturday, March 17, will therefore witness the last performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The G.N.R. and Sport

The Great Northern Railway Company have issued a handy booklet, giving full particulars of the principal dog and poultry shows, cattle and horse fairs, racing fixtures, and agricultural shows during 1906. This handbook is carefully compiled, and is a publication which will be extremely useful to all fanciers, agriculturists, horse and cattle dealers, sportsmen, etc. In addition to a large amount of general information, the book contains full particulars as to rates, fares, etc., useful to those attending or sending exhibits to any of these fixtures. Copies may be obtained gratis on application to any Great Northern station or City office, or from the Chief Passenger Agent at King's Cross Station, London, N. The Company have also issued a card dealing with agricultural shows, which can be obtained from the Goods Manager, King's Cross Station, London, N.

Harrogate and Its Waters

Harrogate carries in its very name an interesting history of the waters which have made it so famous a resort.

The meaning of the word Har-we-gate, the yeoman's territorial name, is "the road to the mouldy water."

The mouldy water of such significance here was the bog starting below the footpath (once at the south end of St. Mary's Church and onward), crossing the Stray in the trough yet to be noticed, winding round by Montpellier Parade, under the Royal Baths, and to the two Dykes—the Sauerkeld-Dyke and the Birabeck. This was mouldy because the grass and twigs on its brink were slimy, according to Dr. Deane—salt incrusted, as old people still remember them.

At the lower end of Prospect Place stands the Prospect House Hotel, the most trim and ornate of all the Harrogate hotels. It was rebuilt in 1859, on the site of a smaller hotel of the same name, and enlarged to double its former size in 1870. The delightful little pleasaunce used as a croquet ground, on the opposite side of the street, belongs to it. Since then the Prospect Hotel has held place among the great and fashionably attended hotels of Harrogate.

Brazil and Argentine Mail Service

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's twin-screw Mail Steamer *Amazon*, 10,000 tons, built for the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's South American Mail service, was successfully launched recently from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Yard at Belfast, the christening ceremony being gracefully performed by Mrs. Owen Philipps, wife of Mr. Owen Philipps, M.P., chairman of the R.M.S.P. Co. Like her popular sister-ship (the *Aragon*), the *Amazon's* great speciality is a luxurious passenger accommodation (including *cabines de luxe* and a large number of single-berth cabins), while the interests of merchants and shippers have been studied by the provision of ample cargo space and the latest appliances for the speedy handling of merchandise.

Princes' Restaurant

Princes' Restaurant has been the rendezvous of many fashionable diner. Amongst those dining there recently were H.R.H. Prince Christian, The Duke of Richmond and party, Earl of Devon, Lord and Lady Falmouth and party, Hon. Sidney Greville, Sir Arthur Lucas and party, Sir James Rinkin, and Sir Charles Dilke.

Honours for the Ardath Firm

The Minister of Finance of the French Republic has conferred a signal honour on a well-known British firm, the Ardath Tobacco Company, of London, by appointing them to be purveyors to the French Tobacco Regie. The appointment is made on account of the supreme excellence and unique qualities of the productions of the Company.

Our Coloured Supplement

With this issue is presented a fine Sporting Supplement, 12 in. by 16 in., lithographed in nine colours, entitled, "Easy, Lass, Easy," from an original painting by Frederic Whiting. This plate will make a fine addition to the pictures in a billiard room or smoking room.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW FICTION

"My Sword for Lafayette." By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"Sea Spray." By Frank T. Bullen. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"A Son of Arvon." By Gwendden Pryce. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Mayor of Troy." By "Q." (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Man with the Opals." By Alfred Wilson Barratt. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"Lady Sarah's Son." By Violet Tweedale. (Long: 6*s.*)

"The Garden of Mystery." By Richard Marsh. (Long: 6*s.*)

"Billy's Wife." By Lucas Cleeve. (Long: 6*s.*)

"The Master of Pinsmead." By Algernon Gissing. (Long: 6*s.*)

"The Real Mrs. Daybrook." By Florence Warden. (Long: 6*s.*)

"Karl Grier." By Louis Tracy. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"Love?" By George Irving. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"Uncle Peaceable." By Reginald Turner. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"The Gambler." By Mrs. Temple Thurston. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)

"The Separatist." By "A New Writer." (Pitman: 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Toward the Heights." By Charles Wagner. (Fisher Unwin: 1*s.* net, paper; 2*s.* net, cloth.)

"The Romance of the South Seas." By Clement L. Wragge, F.R.G.S. (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The New Sketch Book." By W. M. Thackeray. Edited by Robert S. Garnett. (Alston Rivers: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Better Governing of India." By Sir F. S. P. Lely. (Alston Rivers: 1*s.* net.)

The Chap Books, Vol. II: "Essays Moral and Polite." Edited by John and Constance Masefield. (E. Grant Richards: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Making of Modern Egypt." By Sir Auckland Colvin. (Seeley: 18*s.* net.)

"Longton Hall Porcelain." By William Bemrose. (Bemrose: 42*s.* net.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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